

JUNE 1954

# B.C.S.

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL  
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.**



# BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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# EDITORIALS

## I

While glancing through a copy of a national magazine a few weeks ago, we saw a four page colour spread on the new style of school architecture which is apparently springing up across North America. The buildings were, for the most part, one storey high, with picture windows, flower-lined patios, and subtle indirect lighting. Near the front of the same publication was an advertisement for paint, in which the sponsors claimed that in 'eight out of ten cases' the marks of students in classrooms scientifically painted with their product were noticeably higher than those of students working in their usual classrooms.

This is all very nice, but it gives rise to the brief but vitally important question: are these things really necessary? We tend to forget in this enlightened age that the main purpose of a school is to improve the student's mind, and not to keep him amused by novel decoration and fancy teaching methods. There has been a definite trend in modern education to make things easier and more pleasant for pupils, and to make learning fun. As one disgruntled parent aptly put it, the "three Rs" to-day seem to stand for 'Rest, Relax and Receive'. This is by no means a new problem; a hundred years ago, Cardinal Newman noted educational trends in his day, "Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil."

It is a fact that school examinations are getting progressively easier every year. For instance, we would have trouble in writing the papers our fathers were given when they were at school, and they, in turn would think their own fathers' papers were extremely difficult. This sounds like a very serious state of affairs, and so it is. When improvements are being made in almost every field of human endeavour, it seems amazing that education in our public schools needs a reversion to many of the old principles of good hard work.

Present child psychology seems to teach that a student should not be made to learn anything he dislikes. If Johnny hates doing Latin, then he should drop the subject, and take up another in its place. Learning should be enjoyable at all times, never a strain or a nuisance. It is for this purpose that many of the new schools are fashioned, with huge gymnasiums and well equipped metal-working shops.

It may appear that we are advocates of austere, strictly disciplined learning in dreary buildings and dark classrooms. This is an exaggeration, but we do think that there is a limit to making learning a pleasurable experience. People tend to forget that there is no substitute for hard work, in school or anywhere else; that is how all the great men in every field have risen to their heights—not by lounging in a psychologically painted classroom with solar heating and large picture windows.

However, there are places where a good fundamental education is actually considered part of a student's training. These places include the great English public schools, and the ones in this country which are modeled after them. Boarding schools are not hampered by provincial or municipal regulations, and are able to carry through their policy of engaging better teachers to produce better students, without all the fancy frills and flower-lined patios.

Therefore, it seems that the schools that are on the right path, and that are not too eager to leap at innovations without careful consideration, should stick to their course, while those schools that have gone astray should return to the more conservative path of their ancestors. Let's restore the 'three Rs' to their original meaning.

## II

R. L. Young, "Jimmy" Young to hundreds of Old Boys, died in retirement last autumn. Mr. Young was a master at B.C.S. from 1921 to 1949. Something of the spirit that was in him and which he passed on to the School is captured in the article on the next page. We of the Magazine are very grateful to Mr. Robert Campbell (B.C.S., '21-'23) for writing that article, and well realize what a difficult task we set him and how well he has succeeded. It is not easy to express in a page of print a character and an influence which have become a tradition.

Mr. Young revived this Magazine in 1922. His last issue was that of 1948. In some School years he published three times, so sixty issues would be a conservative estimate of his accomplishment. While he maintained an invaluable record of the School over that period, we feel that his most significant achievement in the Magazine was twofold.

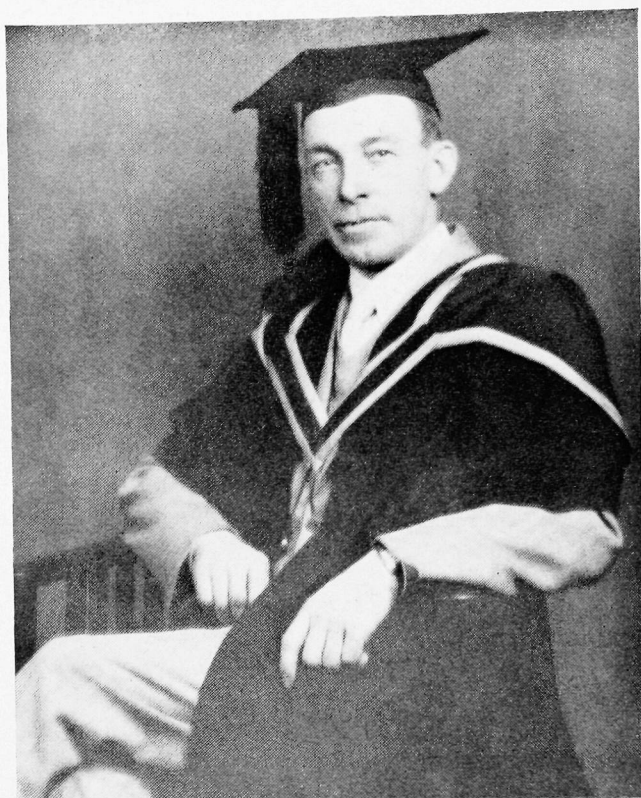
He searched out and recorded for all time many historical incidents as they related to the School and to Lennoxville. Some of this work has already been drawn upon by historians of the early days in the Eastern Townships.

In and through the Magazine he inspired and encouraged the best poets the School has yet produced, and the best work of some of them is perhaps yet to come.

By the Magazine, through his teaching, and in his general schoolmastering he brought many a boy to realize and to act upon the truth of the last verse of one of his own poems:

"I stand by the open Roadways,  
At morn, by the sea, in the sun;  
And a halcyon day has broken  
With a glorious race to run."





### R. L. YOUNG, M.A.

(B.C.S. 1921-1949)

'Jimmy' Young has joined his favourite poets in the Elysian Fields.

He died last Fall in retirement in the Maritimes.

Of all the masters who taught at the school, it is pretty safe to claim that Jimmy was, among them, the greatest institution. Yet, when one tries to set down details about him the words fade away as in a story better lived than told.

He served as a master for 28 years, from 1921 to 1949.

His name was Robert Lovell Young. Robert Lovell was much too complicated. Someone—it may have been Davis I—called him "Jimmy" and the name stuck.

As far as we were concerned, Jimmy was born in a black gown in Form III B, in the old school across the river. I venture to say there isn't one old boy in a hundred who has any idea of Jimmy's pre-school life. But facts are ascertainable and here they are:—

"He was born in Ireland and studied at Chateau Lucens, Switzerland. He was Scholar of the House at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was awarded the five year scholarship on the Foundation. There he obtained a Senior Moderatorship in modern languages with the Gold Medal in French and German. He spent seven years in distinguished teaching in England."

That's the record and, distinguished though it is, it's good to get it out of the way because it doesn't represent "our" Jimmy. Our Jimmy began when he joined B.C.S., in 1921.

At first we didn't take to him. To our "sophisticated" minds he needed a hair cut. He spoke with what we assumed to be an English accent and we assumed that all English accents were assumed. He either used an after-shave lotion or hair oil—obviously effete and sissified. Not our type at all.

Then when he brought the accent and the aroma right down to the cricket pitch and began hitting boundaries, our first judgment began to develop cracks. When he went galloping down the Comstock Road on the orneriest horse in the Eastern Townships, our prejudice simply folded up.

Jimmy was a man's man, a boy's man, a scholar's scholar.

On Saturdays he would go skiing with us. On Sundays he would trudge out to our huts in the woods over the tracks behind the old school and cheerfully partake of the foul concoctions we more or less cooked. He would ride with us, swim with us under the Massawippi railroad bridge, hike with us up over the hills behind Lennoxville.

When we moved to the new school he brought his potted palms, his easels, his paintings, his photographs, his seven pairs of rubbers and his thousand magazines and settled into his new quarters with a happy sense of chaos.

His discipline in class was deplorable. Spit balls, pea shooters, a suddenly released pigeon failed to daunt him. He went right ahead with the lesson. If you took it in, well and good; if you didn't you tried to explain your examination marks to unsympathetic parents.

He walked out on a noisy class once and I remember forming a delegation of two to go beg him to come back. He did, with no visible resentment.

Jimmy started a camera club and sketching group, a dramatic society, the school magazine. In the latter venture he made me his assistant, his hidden motive being to encourage me to write and, indeed, the first articles I ever penned appeared in that perilous publication.

But it was neither his erudition, nor his eccentricities, which endeared him to the parade of boys who marched down his 28 year corridor. It was more his inner sympathy—and I mean sympathy, not commiseration. He helped boys *want* to learn and appreciate . . . and that's a quality not of the classroom.

Besides English and French and other curricular imponderables, he taught us ethics and consideration and a love of freedom.

One Spring a bunch of hare brains talked themselves into staging a "walk out" strike. Jimmy harangued us like the elder Cato. But he got to us after our silly minds were closed and to draw back would be to lose face. And then, when we pursued our folly, he loaned us his thermos bottle!

One memorable occasion was the evening we had the earthquake. The debating society was in full session. I was on my feet expatiating on the superiority of aristocracy to democracy. The earthquake rumbled. A picture fell off the wall. I stopped in mid sentence. "Go on", yelled Jimmy; "get on with it!" Whether the bronze medal I received was for elocution or for fear of being afraid, I'll never know!

In his vacations he roamed around the country, or collected post graduate honours at places like Harvard, or painted, or wrote poetry, or did them all together,—his tastes as catholic as the decor of his den.

Eventually, he bought "Elmwood", a spacious, rambling old house round the corner of the hill from the village and there ensconced his bride.

And then in 1949, after well over a quarter of a century of service to the school where he had only intended to stay one year, he retired and moved to the Maritimes. And some of the light went out of the school.

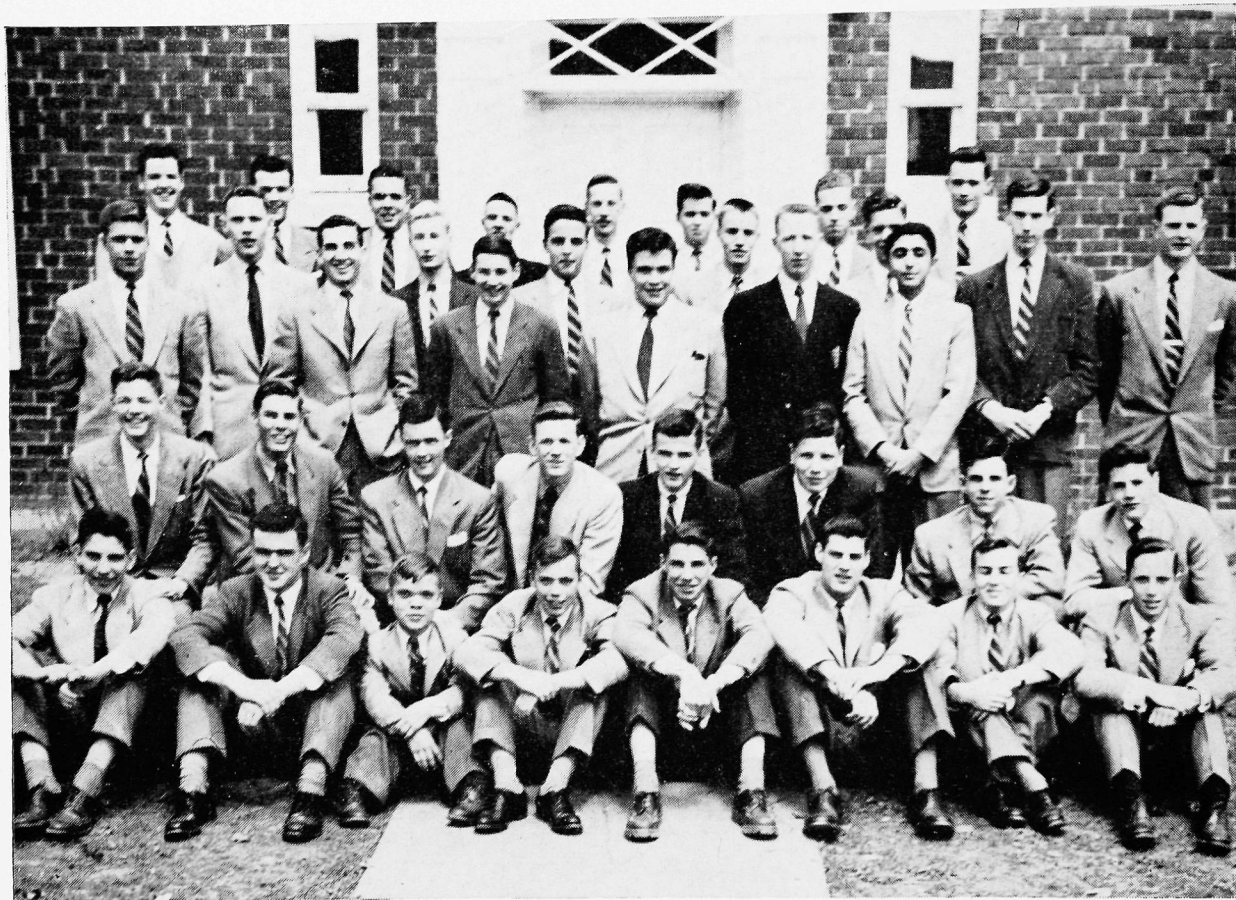
How much of Jimmy goes marching on in the deeds of those he taught? What decisions do judges make, coloured by impressions he has etched into their growing minds? What of the parliamentarians, the professors, the leaders of today?

Whatever they are, whatever they do, some part of them—perhaps the best part of them—is Jimmy.

"How far that little candle . . . . ."

Carry on, Jimmy.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, (B.C.S. '21-'23)



#### THE VITH FORM

*Standing left to right:* J. OGILVIE, J. O'HALLORAN, P. BLAKE, J. MILETTE, J. COWANS, T. PETERS, P. TWIDALE, J. DIXON, D. JOHNSON, B. BUCHANAN, J. CAMERON, M. GORDON, W. JOHNSON, R. BAILEY, P. MACLEAN, P. TIEDEMANN, R. HUTCHISON, R. SALHANY, J. UDD, R. EAKIN, J. TROTT.

*Kneeling:* J. GALLOP, I. HENDERSON, T. HALL, K. STIRLING, J. TEARE, M. PICK, D. ROBERTSON, P. DUFFIELD.

*Sitting:* K. KYRTSIS, W. ROBERTS, P. CUMYN, T. ROGERS, W. SHARP, P. PRICE, E. MOLSON, G. NESBITT.



## SCHOOL NOTES



## CHAPEL

On Thanksgiving Sunday this year, instead of having two services in St. Mark's Chapel, one for the Prep and one for the Upper School, we had a combined service in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. Boys, parents and friends of the School filled the church, and the School Chaplain, the Reverend H. Forster, preached.

This year we have had a number of visiting preachers in Chapel throughout the three terms. The speakers were: November 1, The Archbishop of Quebec; November 15, Dean Jellicoe of the Faculty of Divinity, Bishop's University; December 6, Rev. Lewis Clarke of the Faculty of Divinity, Bishop's University; January 24, Dean Jellicoe; February 14, Mr. D. S. Penton, Headmaster of Lower Canada College; March 14, Rev. Canon Brown of Sherbrooke; March 21, Rev. G. Moffat, Charlottetown; May 9, Rev. Lewis Clarke; May 23, The Bishop of Athabaska.

The annual Confirmation Service of the School was held on May 16th, and the Archbishop of Quebec preached. The following boys were confirmed: David Bassett, John Collyer, Peter Cumyn, Charles Hart, Jonathan Maekins,

David Rowat, Rodney Smith, all of the Preparatory School, and Brandon Badger, Bryan Badger, Philip Baker, Michael Bell, Winthrop Brainerd, John Clarke, Hugh Dixon, Thomas Heslop, Ross Judge, Duncan McNeill, Gordon Rankin, John Teare, Peter Tomlinson, Brian Vintcent, Anthony Wait, of the Upper School.

Good Friday and Easter Sunday were celebrated at School this year, and services were held on both days in St. Mark's Chapel. During the Good Friday service the Headmaster read selections from the Easter story and the Chaplain commented on them.

Attendance at Holy Communion has been very good this year, and Chapel collections have doubled in value since September.

Our thanks go to the members of the Faculty of Divinity at Bishop's University for their help throughout the year, and especially to the Rev. Elton Scott for his assistance at Holy Communion services; to the Servers, MacDougall I, Price, Molson I, Smith I and White; and to Mr. Forster for all his efforts through the year.

G. NESBITT, (Form M VI)

## "I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS FROM WHENCE COMETH MY HELP"

*We print below the talk given in Chapel on February 14th by D. S. Penton, Esq., M.A.,  
Headmaster of Lower Canada College.*

On May 29th last year, two men, one a New Zealander and the other a native of the Himalayas, stood on top of the highest mountain in the world. Four days later the news of this achievement was received with a thrill of excitement throughout the world and especially in the countries of the Commonwealth.

The climbing of Mount Everest marked the end of the era of great geographical explorations. Just before the outbreak of World War I, all the major regions of the world had been explored. The North Pole had been reached by the American Peary in 1910, and the South Pole by the Norwegian Amundsen and Englishman Scott in 1912. It remained only to reach the top of the highest mountain, and soon after the War was over, the job of climbing Mount Everest began.

What was the point of bothering about it?

Many people do not understand why men climb mountains for they see no material gain in it, and think it a waste of time. Don't ever say that to a true mountaineer or woe betide you! Very few of you have ever been to the high hills, I imagine, but one day I hope you will go and spend some time among them with your special friends and then, perhaps, you will learn something of their fascination and of the joys of mountaineering.

Here is what Sir John Hunt says about it in his book "The Ascent of Everest".

"Was it worth while? For us who took part in the venture, it was so beyond doubt. We have shared a high endeavour; we have witnessed scenes of beauty and grandeur: we have built up a lasting comradeship among ourselves and we have seen the fruits of the comradeship ripen into achievement. We shall not forget those moments of great living upon that mountain"

And then Sir John goes on,

"If there is a deeper and more lasting message behind our venture than the mere ephemeral sensation of a physical feat, I believe this to be the value of comradeship and the many virtues which combine to create it. Comradeship, regardless of race or creed, is forged among high mountains, through the difficulties and dangers to which they expose those who aspire to climb them, the need to combine their efforts to attain their goal, the thrills of a great adventure shared together."

Here the stress is on comradeship. It is a better word than teamwork for the latter has become rather hackneyed and seems to imply the complete sinking of the personality of the individual. The term comradeship accepts individual characteristics, makes allowances for them and yet

welds the different qualities of different people to attain the end of the whole group.

It is found in the sacrifice of your own comfort and even of life itself for the safety of your comrades. We find it frequently in time of war, but in time of peace we are apt to forget about it in seeking personal gain often at the expense of others. Even our team games place emphasis on scoring goals or touchdowns or baskets or what have you so that we hear too much of the personal success of this or that player rather than the fun of a game played for the enjoyment of teammate and opponent alike.

Comradeship is found in the trust that the leader places in his men: that they in turn place in their leader; it is found in the careful preparation made to see that no one is asked to undergo unnecessary risks and only to go into danger when due precaution has been taken. Some of the recent expeditions to the Himalayas have ended in disaster. It is to be noted that this most recent one had no worse accident than one frost bitten finger and that was cured when medical attention was given.

But it is not of the comradeship of Mountaineers that I want to speak. The chief lesson that the climbing of Everest has for all of us, you and me alike, is how to overcome difficulties.

What do you do when you see a difficult problem ahead of you? Do you as it were sit down at the bottom of the mountain and say it cannot be surmounted or do you do what Sir John Hunt and his men did? They sought all the help and advice they could. They studied the accounts of all former attempts on the mountain. They obtained the advice of men who were experienced in climbing in the Himalayas and they took this to the manufacturers who were to make their tents and their clothing, their food and their oxygen apparatus. Not the least fascinating part of Sir John Hunt's book is that in which he outlines the plans he made and the work he did to ensure that his party would be as well equipped as human forethought could make it. The careful planning beforehand and then the daring of the assault can be an inspiration to all of us.

In Canada we are living as comfortably as any people in any part of the globe; and you and I are living as well as any people in Canada. We must be very careful to see that this ease and comfort do not make us so soft that when difficulties confront us we give in to them easily. You do not yet know the problems that you will be faced with as you grow older, but right here and now you can do something towards solving them by facing up courageously to the little problems that everyone of us meets in his daily life.

The first thing those climbers did was to see that they

were physically and mentally fit for their task. The Everest men knew that self-indulgence in the months before their climb might prevent them finishing the task of reaching the top of the mountain or endanger the lives of their comrades while the ascent was being carried out. I wonder whether we are always as careful about our mental and physical fitness as we should be. In indulging in the easy pleasure of the moment we may deprive ourselves of the greater happiness that the successful completion of a more important task will bring to us.

When these men faced the problem of the climb itself they did not give in at the first sign of a serious obstacle. They met plenty of them in the intricacies of the climb up the ice fall and the changes in weather conditions. When they had pitched their camp in the Western Cwm and came to the climb up the Lhotse face to the South Col, they found the going much harder than they had expected. Sir John Hunt had reckoned that this part could be accomplished in 4 days. It eventually took 11. Success came because every member of the party had seen to it that he was able to carry on his task when men less fit for it would have given up in despair.

All those men had prepared themselves for this climb by facing up to smaller difficulties on other mountains. When your supreme test comes are you going to fail because your preparation has been inadequate, because you by shirking lesser difficulties at school or at home are heading for failure when you are confronted with the bigger problems of life? Do not shirk difficulties, seek them out and measure yourself against them. As the poet Browning says:

"Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!  
Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang;  
Dare never grudge the throe!

And when by striving now you prepare yourself to shine in the greater tests ahead never forget that the success is not yours alone. Remember that without the help of God you can do nothing that is permanently good, so in your moment of success turn to Him in praise and thanksgiving.

When Tensing and Hillary reached the summit of Everest they placed their thank-offerings on it; Tensing his offerings of food to the Buddha and Hillary a little crucifix, symbol of the religious faith of the Christian members of the party. Certainly they knew that a guiding hand other than that of any earthly leader had led them to the peak of their great achievement.



## CHOIR NOTES - 1954

The choir, under the enthusiastic direction of Mr. Forster, our new school chaplain, has made good progress since the beginning of the year. The aim of the choir was to produce balanced, four part, unaccompanied singing, which is the hardest task a choir can undertake and, like anything worthwhile, is achieved only through sustained hard work. This formula for success was kept in mind throughout the year and its results were encouraging.

One of the main advantages of a school like ours is its strong position to give a boy the opportunity of exercising his talents with and for others. The result is, of course, teamwork. It is hoped, therefore, that all boys at the school next year who have any musical inclination whatsoever, and who are not in the choir already, will make a definite effort to try out for it. The rewards are invaluable.

In the early part of December the choir gladly accepted the invitation to sing carols for the Rotarians of Sherbrooke at one of their meetings. A few of the carols from the Carol Service, in addition to some new carols, were sung and received well.

On the first Sunday in May The Choir sang at the Church of St. James the Apostle in Montreal.

The Quebec Cathedral is celebrating its 150th Anniversary on October 24th, 1954, and the choir has been asked to sing for the Sunday morning Service.

Donald Patriquin, a fifth former, played the organ with remarkable ability for the majority of our services this year. His proficiency at both the piano and organ can be

attributed, of course, to long hours of practice. We are all grateful to him for his unselfish devotion of a great deal of his time to practising for practices and services.

We should like to thank Miss Reyner for her efficient handling of choir robes; Mr. Hudson for his help to the choir in conducting extra treble practices in the Prep; Mr. Malcolm Evans for his cooperation in organizing the choir trip; Brainerd for a useful job well done in re-binding many psalters and anthem books; and the choir helpers who did their job well throughout the year.

Our thanks goes also to an Old Boy of the School, James Winder, who spent a large part of his spare time in recording and making records of the Carol Service and the practice for the service at St. James's.

The choir was the largest ever this year, with a total of 55 members who are listed below.

*Prep Trebles*—Brown II, Collyer, Cumyn, Fox, Harris, Howard, Jamieson, Kilgour, McDonald, Morgan, Patriquin II, Rowat, Setlakwe, Smith, Tomlinson, Valdmanis, Watson, Webb, Yuile II.

*Upper School Trebles*—Alexander I, Coburn, Lansberg, McCulloch, Nesbitt II, Temple, Vintcent.

*Altos*—Alexander II, Bladon, Conyers, McNeill, Miller, Mitchell, Patriquin I, Rankin, Riley, Sharp II.

*Tenors*—Brainerd, Buchanan, Duffield, Milette, Robertson, Rogers, Scott I, Sharp I, Trott, White.

*Basses*—Baker, MacDougall, Ogilvie, Pratt, Price, Rider, Stirling, Teare, Tiedemann.

J. PRATT, (Form VII)



## CADET CORPS

On May the 19th the Corps had the honour of being inspected by an Old Boy, Brigadier R. W. Moncel, D.S.O., O.B.E., Deputy Chief of the General Staff. Accompanying Brigadier Moncel were Captain D. Wilkinson, Cadet Training Officer in Montreal, W.O.2. Libby and Staff Sergeant Mann of the Cadet Services, and Major John Kemp, Major MacFarlane, and Captain Doheny, all of the Black Watch, and Major Lord Shaughnessy of the Grenadier Guards.

Trained throughout the year by Captain S. F. Abbott, the Corps measured up to its traditionally high standard and in some respects surpassed it. Of particular interest to the many parents and friends of the School who attended the inspection were the Band, instructed by R. Havard, Esq., which carried out a far more ambitious program than ever before, the Senior Gym Squad which

added some effective pyramids to their tumbling and box horse display, and the Precision Squad, drilled by Cadet Sgt-Major Milette, which executed over a hundred intricate drill movements without benefit of commands or signals.

The Corps was addressed by Brigadier Moncel, who then presented medals for Best N.C.O., Best Cadet and Best Recruit to Cadet Sgt-Major Milette, Cadet Smith and Cadet White. Captain Wilkinson presented a medal for the Most Efficient Cadet regardless of rank to Cadet Major Redpath.

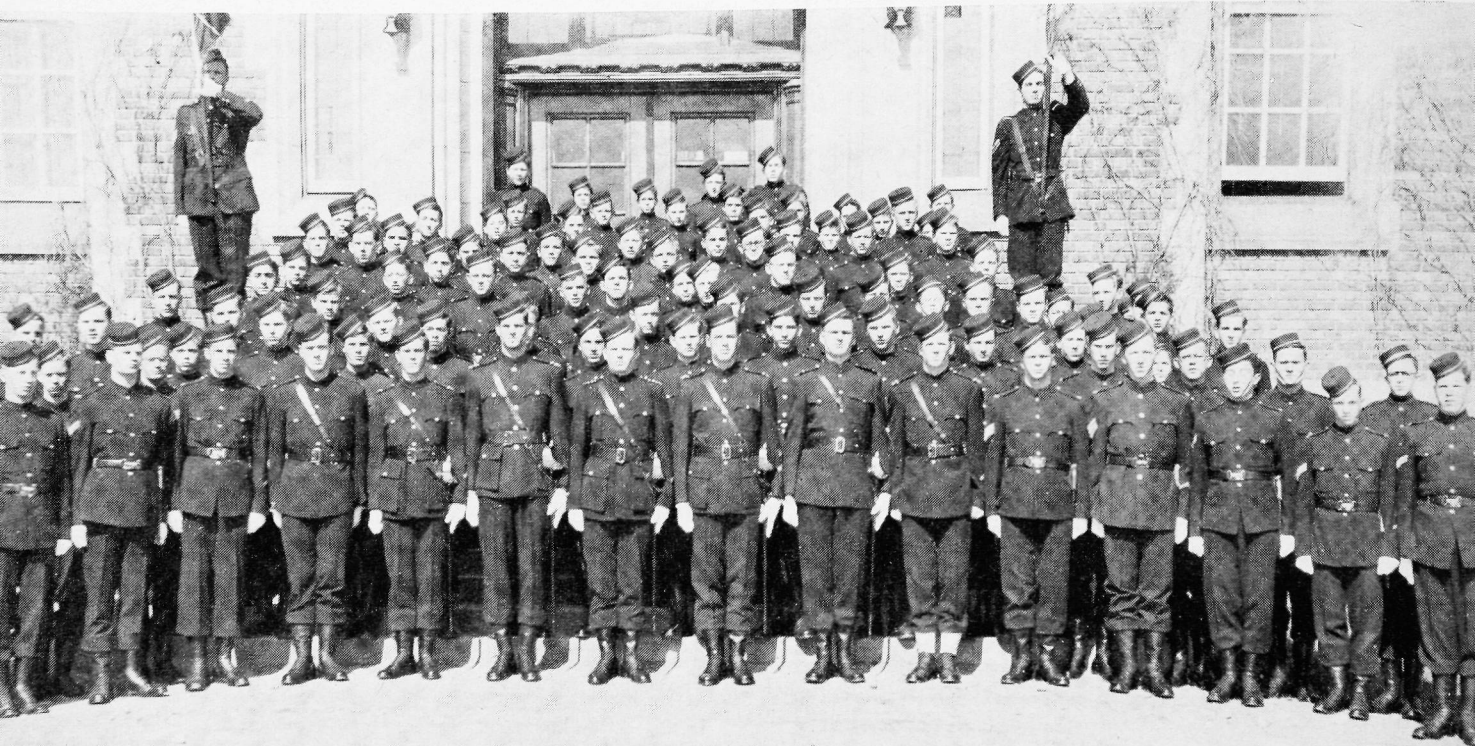
On Sunday, May 30th some forty-five Cadets representing the Corps took part in the Church Parade of the regiment with which it is affiliated, the Black Watch of Montreal.

P. DUFFIELD, (Form M VI)

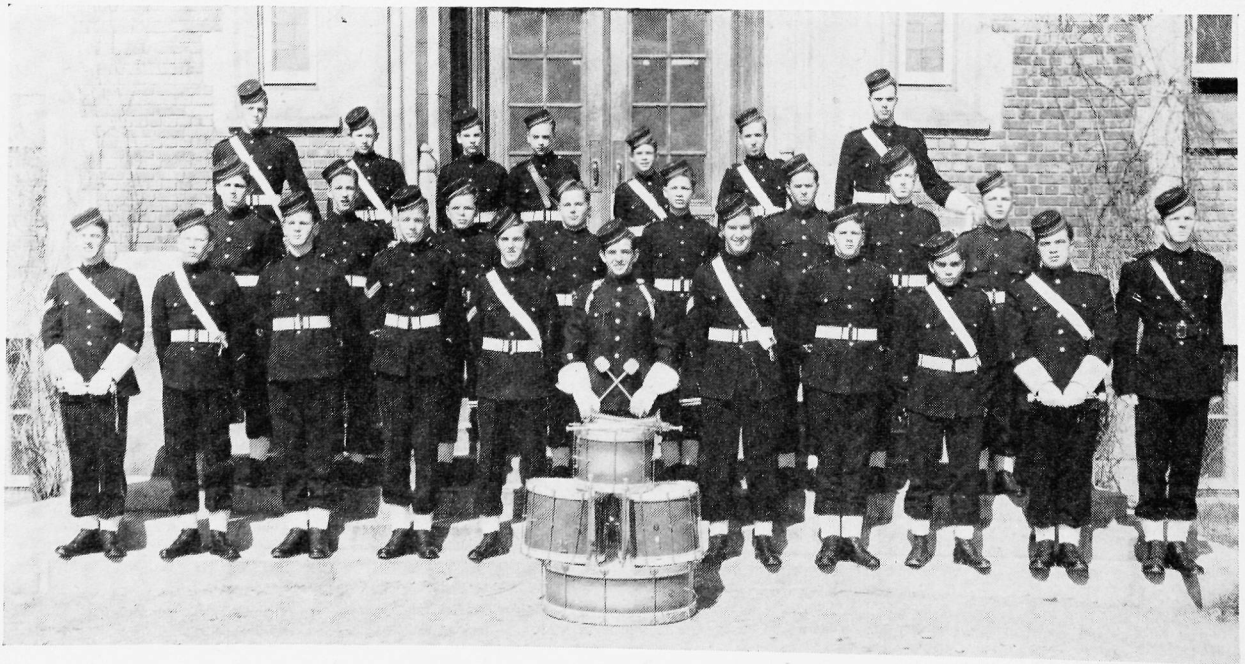


THE CORPS MARCHING IN THE BLACK WATCH CHURCH PARADE—(Gazette Photo)





THE CORPS



THE BAND

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Because of the crowded schedule of the first term, which included a Players' Club production, the Debating Society did not begin to function this year until the second term.

At a meeting of the Society on January 26, 1954, the following officers were elected: President, Stirling; Vice-President, Roberts; Treasurer, Rogers; Secretaries, Mitescu; Buchanan, (Form VI); MacDougall II; Sharp II (V Form).

The Society's first meeting, held on January 29, was a Hat Night. After an introductory speech by the President, in which he outlined the purpose of the Society and the opportunities that it offered, eighteen members made short speeches on varied topics, divided equally among seniors and juniors.

When the Society met on February 5, the subject for debate was, "Resolved that city life is, in the opinion of the Society, more interesting than country life." Roberts, Hall, and Bassett defended the motion but Stirling, Teare, and MacDougall II spoke successfully for the negative side.

At the next meeting, Meredith, Goodenough, and Pick carried, against the opposition of Mitescu, Milette, and Udd, the resolution that Canada should support alone the cost of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

On February 26, the motion before the House was that children under sixteen should be allowed to go to movies. Brainerd, Leach, and Tomlinson spoke for the

affirmative while Hungerbuhler, Wait, and McNeill represented the negative side; their opposition, however, proved ineffective.

The next week, in a practice debate on the same topic as the Ashbury one, Pick and Gallop I defeated Mitescu and Goodenough, who supported the negative side.

On March 12, in the Triangle Debate, held this year at Ashbury, L.C.C. defended the resolution that McCarthyism is politically justifiable, while Meredith and Mitescu, representing B.C.S., spoke against the motion. After a lively debate, B.C.S. defeated the L.C.C. team by the comfortable majority of 29 votes to 16.

On March 9, Stirling represented the school in the Eastern Townships District Public Speaking Contest, sponsored by the Rotary Club. Competing against representatives from eight other schools, he placed first and thus qualified for the semi-finals held in Montreal on March 25.

This year interest in the Debating Society has been maintained at a high level; the attendance has been good and most members have taken an active part in the debates. There are already 17 members eligible to wear the Society tie and, by the end of the year, last year's record of 21 will certainly be topped. Mr. Doheny again acted as our Honorary Chairman, and it is mainly to his insistence upon a high standard of debating that this year's successes are due.

C. MITESCU, (Form VII)

## NEW BOYS, 1953

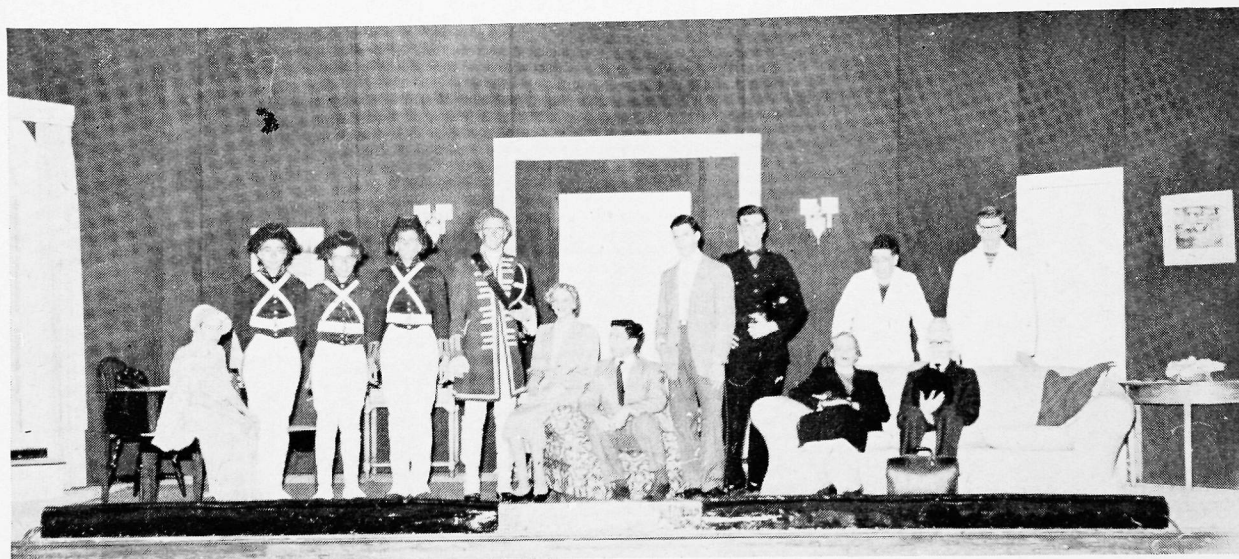
### UPPER SCHOOL—1953

C. B. Bignell, Quebec; G. L. Bladon, Lennoxville; L. R. Brock, London, England; J. G. L. Clarke, Jamaica, B.W.I.; P. W. Davidson, Montreal; P. M. Gallop, Montreal West; M. H. Gordon, Montreal; T. A. Heslop, Montreal; J. P. Johnston, Montreal; J. M. Landsberg, Westmount; G. C. Leach, Montreal West; D. I. McNeill, Montreal; R. Miller, Fredericton; W. R. S. Munro, Westmount; T.

W. Murtha, Sherbrooke; G. P. O'Halloran, Quebec; J. H. F. Rider, Valleyfield; D. C. Robertson, Montreal; D. K. Robinson, Cornwall; R. E. Salhany, Cornwall; R. C. Symonds, St. Lambert; J. Q. Teare, Bedford; P. H. Tiedemann, Tokyo, Japan; P. G. Tomlinson, Cornwall; G. Valdmanis, Westmount; P. A. Wait, Montreal; F. M. Wanklyn, Nassau, Bahamas; P. G. White, Palma de Mallorca, Spain.



## PLAYERS' CLUB



## "GRAMERCY GHOST"

## THE PLAYERS

Margaret Collins	W. BRAINERD
Nancy Willard	A. SHARP
Parker Burnett	D. ROBERTSON
Austin Ames	J. MCGREEVY
Charley Stewart	F. MEREDITH
Nathaniel Coombes	K. STIRLING
Officer Morrison	J. MILETTE
Irv	P. DUFFIELD
Rocky	T. ROGERS, S. OLAND
Ambulance Driver	J. PRATT OR M. PICK
Assistant Driver	J. TROTT
A Girl	B. BADGER
A Voice	B. VINTCENT

## STAGE CREW

Stage Manager	J. O'Halloran
Assistant	P. McLean
Properties	J. Ogilvie
Make-up	J. Pratt
Lights	J. Cameron
Sound	D. Mactaggart
Special Effects	J. Cowans
	C. Mitescu
	I. Smith
	P. Smith
Stage Hands	R. Eakin
	G. Eberts
	R. Judge
	S. Oland
	W. Roberts
Business Managers	G. Nesbitt
	E. Molson

On December 3rd and 4th the Players' Club presented John Cecil Holm's "Gramercy Ghost" and, whatever the success of the production, the play turned out to be an ideal one for a boys' club in a boys' school.

In any year it is possible to find one female lead, one middle-aged woman, and one girl bit-player, and that was all this play required. Arnold Sharp played the lead with intelligence and talent, and we feel that any boy who can handle his offstage cues with an evening dress over his head, his bosom round his feet, and his zipper stuck deserves more credit than he got from an audience who only knew his competence on stage, not his confusion off. Brainerd played Margaret well, and learned a great deal in the process.

Robertson as the unfortunate Parker and Milette as the Manhattan cop were perfectly cast, and held the whole play together. Meredith at last reaped the reward of playing the female leads in "Arms and the Man" and "See How They Run", and won the straight part of the hero, which was fun to play and easy for him. Stirling was a pleasant and straightforward ghost, clear and confident throughout. Rogers, Duffield and Oland made the most of their subsidiary ghostliness by creating quite creditable southern drawls, admirably sustained.

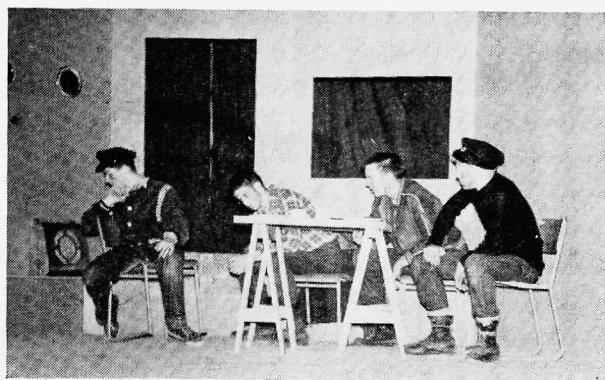
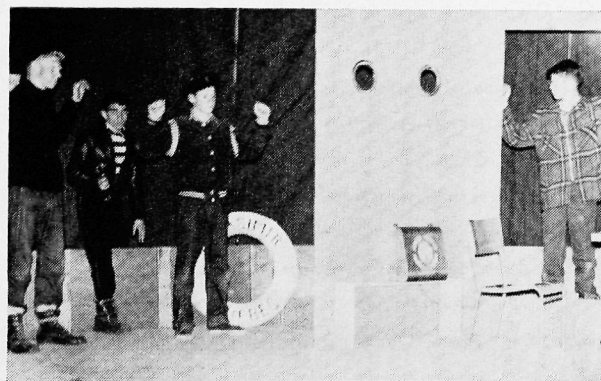
The Club's practice of living dangerously without understudies caught up with it this time, and Pick was confined to the Infirmary on the morning of the first night. Old trouper Pratt volunteered to take over, and somehow got through his lines in spite of prompts from both wings, the catwalk, and on-stage actors, which must have been an ordeal. On the second night he did better, without assistance.

Bit parts and all, the actors carried the play extremely well, but in retrospect I think that this, of all our plays, was the Stage Crew's baby. Stage Crews in the past have done wonders—reducing our “You Can't Take It With You” set to fit the Richmond Legion Hall's 6-foot deep stage, erecting the “See How They Run” set on the Richmond movie theatre stage with no means of support, staging “Housemaster” in Montreal solidly and without fuss, and striking it within twenty minutes of the final curtain. This year, however, the play called for a solid set, and for constant and convincing effects throughout. The Stage Crew worked long and faithfully on these

aspects of the production, and never missed a trick by a split second, whether it was phone bell, voice in the receiver, thunder, ghost-light, self-opening doors, wind visible and wind audible, or dimming effects.

The net profits of the performances were given to the Sunday School of St. George's Church, Lennoxville.

In closing, the Club would like to express its sense of loss in the death of Mr. Filmore Sadler of Brae Manor Theatre, Knowlton, whose kindly interest and advice were of great help to us in the past and will be much missed in the future.



ABOVE ARE SCENES FROM A ONE-ACT PLAY PERFORMED BY FORM V A, WHICH CAME SECOND OF FOUR IN A COMPETITION SPONSORED BY THE SHERBROOKE YOUTH FESTIVAL ON MAY 1ST.



## CAMERA CLUB

Once again the Camera Club enjoyed a most successful year, and had a membership of twenty-four.

The executive this year consisted of Gallop I, President, Hall, Vice-President, who devoted a great deal of his time to the handling of our supplies, Henderson I, Secretary, and Rogers, Treasurer. During the last half of the year, the latter two positions were held by Choquette and Hyman respectively. Our sincere thanks goes once again this year to Mr. Moffat, our Honorary President, who generously donated his time and effort to make the Club a success.

An exhibition of mounted enlargements was held in the library during the last term. The entries were judged by Charles Baudot, Esq., of Sherbrooke and J. Gallop's "Football Referee" took first place and his "The Catch" second. Third and fourth places went to T. Rogers's "Autograph Hunters" and N. Stead's "Choir Picnic".

Two photofloods were generously donated by Hall for portrait work. All in all the Camera Club had a very successful year.

J. GALLOP, (Form M. VI)

## CHALET NOTES

In the few weeks before Thanksgiving the Chalet had a face lifting consisting of new steps, new windows, creosote, and white paint. This was done by the members with the able assistance of the man who helped build the Chalet, Emile Dussault.

This year the Committee consisted of Cameron as President, Stirling as Vice-President and Peters as Secretary. The form representatives were Safford, Trott, Johnson I, Kyrtsis and Hallac.

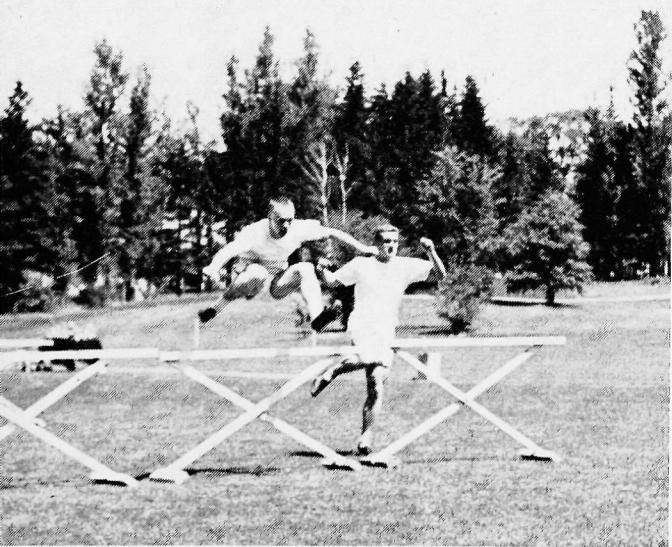
The usual fee of \$1.00 a term helped pay for the new set of bridge chairs and a table, as well as having the radio, which has seen a good deal of service, repaired.

Bridge and cribbage were the main pastimes, while Canasta, introduced by Stirling in the second term in the form of a revolving canasta tray, held a very close third place.

It is hoped that in the third term the Chalet will have its beauty increased by having a new coat of colours applied all over.

I would like to join in with the members and the Committee in expressing our thanks to Mr. Hall for his help and concern in running the Chalet this year.

J. CAMERON, (Form C VI 2)



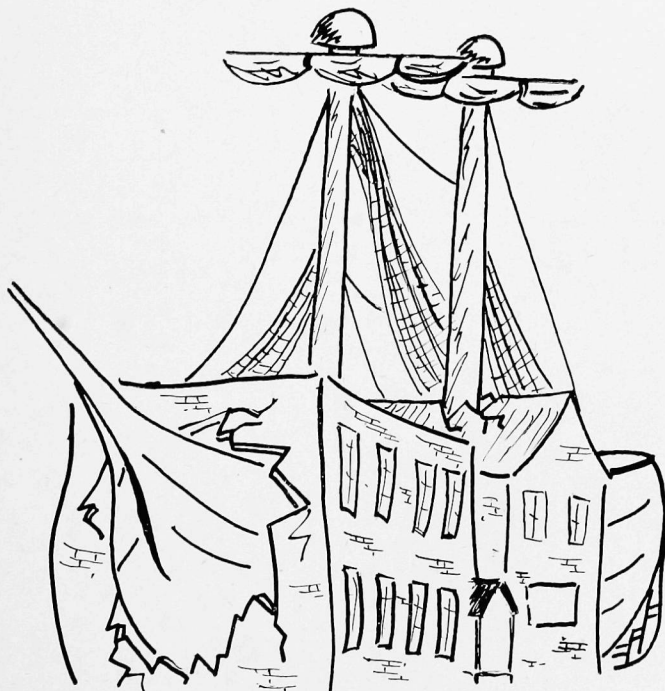
SHARP LOOKS AT THE HOUSES



WILLIAMS



CHAPMAN



SMITH



SCHOOL





THE VII<sup>TH</sup> FORM

*Back Row: B. MACDOUGALL, J. REDPATH, J. RIDER, P. SAFFORD.  
Front Row: J. PRATT, J. DAVIDSON, C. MITESCU, F. MEREDITH.*



PARALLEL LINES—BY M. CHOQUETTE.





#### FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

*Back Row:* E. B. PILGRIM, ESQ., C. L. O. GLASS, ESQ., S. F. ABBOTT, ESQ.

*Fourth Row:* J. CAMERON, E. MURTHA, P. O'HALLORAN, J. MILETTE, J. TROTT, D. JOHNSON, J. O'HALLORAN.

*Third Row:* R. SOWARD, J. DE LA VERGNE, J. ROLAND, A. HUNGERBUHLER, R. BAILEY, R. SYMONDS, H. FRASER.

*Second Row:* K. KYRTSIS, R. TINKER, K. STIRLING, W. ROBERTS, J. RIDER, P. MCLEAN, E. EBERTS, M. GORDON.

*Front Row:* J. OGILVIE, B. MACDOUGALL, J. PRATT, P. PRICE (Captain), J. REDPATH, T. PETERS, R. SADLER.

### FOOTBALL FOREWORD

It was hardly a triumphant season for B.C.S. football this year with a First Team record of five wins and three losses, but on the whole it was an enjoyable one. And perhaps it is as healthy as it is obvious to remember that enjoyment is one of the main points of the game, even when one is still editorially licking the wounds.

A young team, seasoned though it was by several veterans of last year's undefeated XII, simply did not live up entirely to its early and lively promise. The ball carrying could be uncertain and the tackling sometimes lacked authority. Yet on occasion, as in the Lower Canada game, the team came splendidly together. It was a case of not having the balanced and sustained strength for a consistent winner.

In the eight games played the School scored 200 points and had 74 scored against it. Several times in the early season we ran up high scores against weak opposition.

The School retained the Shirley Russel Cup for the third year in a row by defeating L.C.C. at home in a rousing and spirited but exceptionally clean game. The decision might have gone either way. We lost the B.C.S.O.-B.A. Cup play for the first time in four years, dropping fairly close games to Ashbury both at home and away. The School's other loss was to our Old Boys, who fielded their customary strong team.

Price, a converted end, and playing his first season as quarter-back, made a sincere and talented captain. Pratt won the Cleghorn Cup, capping successfully a long and distinguished football career at the School.

A disappointing feature of the season was our inability to play St. Johnsbury Academy. The Vermont school had to discontinue the series through schedule difficulties but we hope to reintroduce the international trips next year.



## FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL

B.C.S. vs STANSTEAD

At B.C.S.

OCTOBER 3, 1953 WON 33-0

The B.C.S. 1st football team began their 1953 season by swamping Stanstead College 33-0 on October 3, playing on home ground.

The B.C.S. men continued where the 1952 team left and lengthened B.C.S.'s undefeated streak by another game.

In the 1st quarter B.C.S. drove the opposition back with a number of bucks and passes. MacDougall caught the one that counted and went over for an early lead. A successful convert was made by Pratt.

A few minutes later B.C.S. started down the field again, and this time Price took to the air, completing 4 out of 5 passes, the last of which went to Pratt who made his way down to Stanstead's ten yard line. The next play put the Bishop's team ahead by two touches as Peters went over on a plunge. Towards the end of the first quarter B.C.S. found themselves unable to get across the line, but after two unsuccessful plunges from the 10 yard line Price took a quarterback sneak across for number three, which Pratt converted.

In the second quarter MacDougall caught another of Price's pin-point passes and drove number four home. There was no convert on the play.

The half closed with B.C.S. ahead 22-0.

In the last half Price sent a long pass to Pratt who caught it on the Stanstead 40 yard line, where he shifted through the Stanstead men and made the score 27-0. Price passed on the convert to Rider who pulled the ball out of the air to make the count 28-0.

During the remainder of the half Stanstead's team strengthened somewhat but were not able to stop Bishop's half, Peters, from making the final score 33-0 on an unconverted plunge.

B.C.S. vs SHERBROOKE HIGH SCHOOL

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 7, 1953 WON 43-7

While playing under the worst possible weather conditions B.C.S. floored Sherbrooke High School 43-7 on October 7th, 1953.

The remains of a morning snow fall could not stop the undefeated purple and white team from chalking up their second victory, and thirteenth successive victory since the beginning of the 1952 Season.

Peters started the B.C.S. team on their way to victory with a 25 yard plunge to the S.H.S. 10 yard line. Price took the next play across for the first touchdown. Peters made the convert. That was the only action in the 1st quarter.

The 2nd quarter brought three touchdowns to the B.C.S. men. On the 1st play of the 2nd quarter Tinker took a plunge to make the score 11-0. Within the next few plays B.C.S. was on her way again, driving the S.H.S. team back until Stirling took a long end-run over for the 3rd B.C.S. touch. There was no convert on the play.

Towards the end of the 2nd quarter S.H.S. strengthened enough to hold B.C.S. on their one yard line for three plays, but finally Rider recovered a fumbled ball over the opposition's line for the fourth B.C.S. touch.

The beginning of the 2nd half found B.C.S. driving the points home again and Peters got the fifth touchdown on a one yard plunge. It also went unconverted. The score now stood at 26-0. Half a dozen plays later Peters plunged over the line once again for number 6 and also made a successful convert.

B.C.S. stayed on the ground because of wet weather and there were only a few passes attempted, none of which paid off. Price made the score 37-0 on a plunge towards the end of the second half, and Tinker converted to make it 38-0.

Then S.H.S. swung into uncontrollable action and drove B.C.S. back and finally over their own line. The opposition's convert went successfully between the posts. However, B.C.S. made a final attempt to increase the score and Sadler got across on a long plunge that went unconverted.

In the closing minutes of play the Sherbrooke boys kicked across the B.C.S. line and nailed Fraser for a point, making the final score for B.C.S. eight touchdowns and three converts, total 43, and for Sherbrooke High one touchdown, one convert, and one safety touch, totalling 7.

OLD BOYS vs B.C.S.

OCTOBER 12, 1953 LOST 18-13

Although the School got off to an early lead, on a converted touchdown by Pratt and a rouge, the Old Boys fought back in that spirit that past School teams have been known for, and tied the game with a converted touchdown pass from Bill Price to Tom Price. After a rouge had been scored by the School the Old Boys retaliated quickly with Bill Molson crossing the line for a touchdown, Peter Romer converting. In the fourth quarter Pratt scored his second touchdown which once again he converted. After Tom Price had gathered in another converted touchdown pass from brother Bill, the game came to an end with the Old Boys winning it 18-13 and thereby winning the "Old Hag" Trophy.

B.C.S. vs ASHBURY  
OCTOBER 19, 1953. LOST 10-6

On October 19, the School's team travelled to Ottawa to meet Ashbury. Both teams were very evenly matched but Ashbury, taking advantage of all breaks, won out in the end 10-6. Joe Irwin scored both touchdowns for Ashbury while Pratt converted his own touchdown for the School's only score.

B.C.S. vs LOWER CANADA COLLEGE  
At B.C.S.

OCTOBER 23rd, 1953 WON 28-23

On October 23rd Bishop's College School battled to a 28-23 victory over L.C.C. to gain possession of the Shirley Russell Cup for the third consecutive year. Two more evenly matched teams could not have been found anywhere. It was a completely balanced struggle all the way.

L.C.C. received the kick-off and plowed through the purple team until Anderson plunged across the line to put L.C.C. ahead. The convert was good and the score stood at 6-0.

Then B.C.S. got their second wind and made way for Pratt as he converted his own touchdown.

With the score tied at 6-6 L.C.C. drove Bishop's over their goal line and jumped ahead 12-6 on a converted touch.

The tide seemed to turn on the next few plays. B.C.S. received the kick-off, which was caught by Pratt, who

raced 80 yards and put B.C.S. in fine position to tie the score. Next play Price took to the air and Peters caught a pin-point pass to give B.C.S. their second touchdown of the game. Pratt converted to tie the score.

Towards the end of the 1st half Price gave Pratt a pass that pushed B.C.S. in front for the first time in the game and as Pratt made the convert good the half ended with B.C.S. on top 18-12.

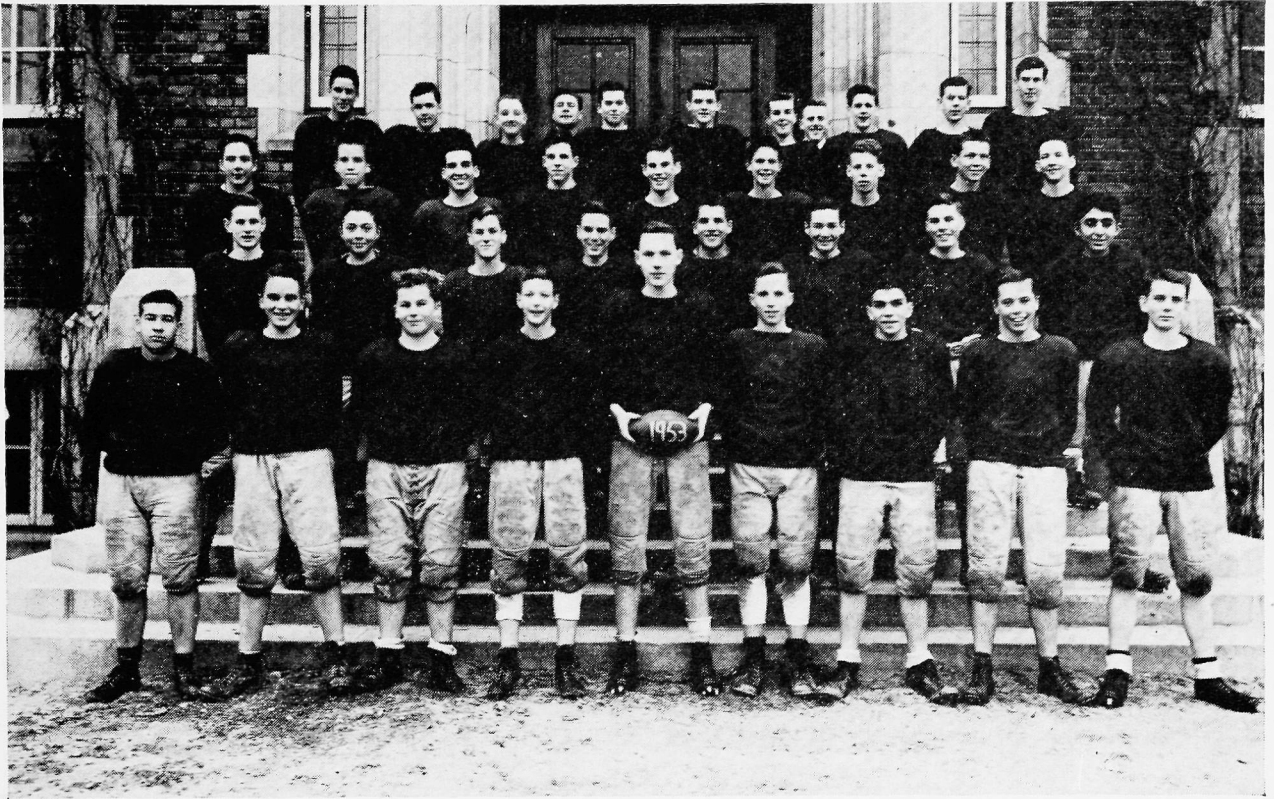
Hardly had the second quarter got under way than L.C.C. tied the score with a pass play by Aird. The convert was good on the play.

B.C.S. received the kick-off and Peters made a great run-back, coming to rest on the L.C.C. 35 yard line. The purple team worked their way across the line once more to go out in front by five points as the touchdown went unconverted.

Once more L.C.C. retailed on a pass to Aird who went all the way for an unconverted touch. The score now stood at 23-23.

B.C.S. drove their way down-field once more to make the last touchdown of the game, on a quarterback sneak by Price, which also went unconverted. B.C.S. was now ahead 28-23. With only minutes remaining, L.C.C. started a desperation drive that was to take them within two yards of tying the score. With one play left in the game and 15 yards to a touchdown that meant the game L.C.C. pulled a end-run that was two yards short of the line. The final score was B.C.S. 28—L.C.C. 23.





#### SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL

*Back Row:* P. HYNDMAN, T. HALL, J. GERHARDT, H. DOHENY, ESQ., W. JOHNSON, E. MOLSON, P. SAFFORD, R. EAKIN, B. HUTCHISON.

*Third Row:* B. SHARP, G. EBERTS, J. COWANS, D. ROBERTSON, D. HALLAM, T. GILLESPIE, D. PERRY, D. STRACHAN, P. SCOTT.

*Second Row:* D. HAMILTON, S. OLAND, S. MOLSON, R. MONRO, J. DALGLISH, A. DIXON, I. HENDERSON, R. SALHANY.

*Front Row:* D. EKE, W. CLOUGH, R. JUDGE, R. JAMIESON, P. BLAKE, S. NESBITT, A. HALLAC, T. ROGERS, L. KORAEN.

### SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL, '53

Second Crease produced two teams in the '53 Season. A team composed of boys aged sixteen and under played four games with local schools. They were successful in two of these games. The sixteen and under team played Stanstead twice, losing at Stanstead, but winning at home and Sherbrooke High School Juniors whom they defeated once also in an away game.

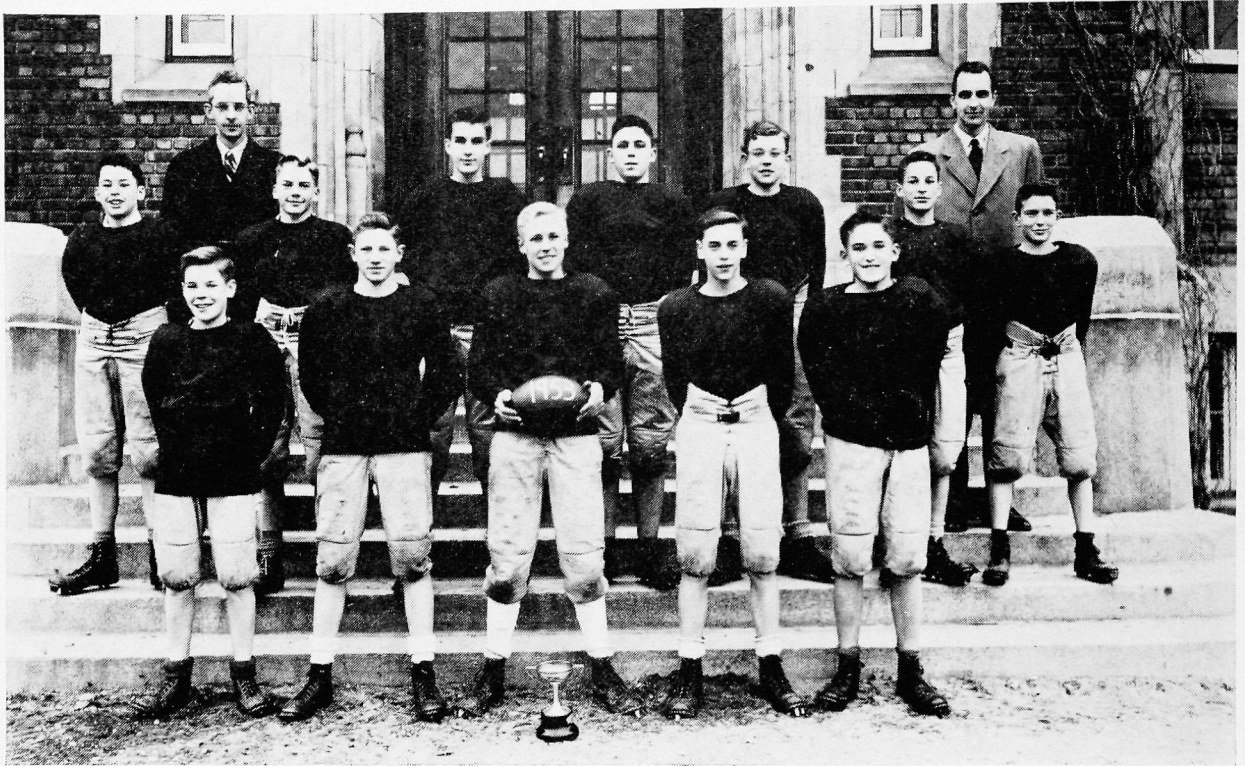
The other teams that this Crease produced was boys over the sixteen year age limit, together with the younger

boys to play Ashbury. This year Ashbury defeated the 3rd Team in both games.

The first game against Ashbury was in Ottawa. B.C.S. held Ashbury to the half time mark but were unable to keep up with the stronger team's pace.

In the second game against Ashbury, B.C.S. showed extra vigour and led all the way, until the last five minutes of play, Ashbury sent out a short pass that went the limit, resulting in a loss for B.C.S.





WINNING TEAM — THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL

*Back Row:* D. NESBITT, J. G. GORDON, ESQ., B. VINTCENT, L. BROCK, P. MCLAGAN, P. WHITE, A. WAIT, A. P. CAMPBELL, ESQ., F. BAILLIE.  
*Front Row:* D. COBURN, D. CONYERS, W. SEWELL, M. CHOQUETTE, M. BYERS

## THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL, '53

This year as every year the main purpose of 3rd Crease is to train boys who have never played football before into material for the higher Creases. These boys are taught the methods of the game. They are conditioned, and regular creases are held. When their coach thinks they are capable of playing organized football he organizes a league

of four teams made up of boys from his crease. Games between these teams are played every day and the winner at the end of the season claims the 3rd Crease Cup. This year this Cup was won by Sewell's team. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Campbell coached the teams and organized the leagues.

## CROSS COUNTRY

James Redpath broke the senior record in the annual cross-country race on November 11th. His winning time, 27 minutes 59 seconds, was 22 seconds better than the mark set in 1947 by the late Albert Corlett.

Redpath won the Boswell Trophy for individual competition and led his Chapman House team to victory in the senior house championship.

Smith House was second. 71 seniors, a record number, completed the course under ideal weather conditions.

The Heneker Trophy, for individual competition was won by Frederick Wanklyn, with a time of 23 minutes,

45 seconds. Stephen Molson's five boy team from G. Dormitory nosed out B. Dormitory by a narrow margin in the junior team competition, in which 47 juniors finished.

The first ten in each race were: Seniors: J. Redpath, G. Nesbitt, R. Bailey, H. Fraser, R. Eakin, J. Ogilvie, K. Stirling, A. Hallac, B. Buchanan, W. Roberts.

Juniors: F. Wanklyn, B. Sharp, S. Molson, M. Landsberg, M. Byers, M. Huband, T. Hall, G. Bladon, M. McMaster, J. Temple.



#### FIRST HOCKEY CREASE

*Back Row:* S. F. ABBOTT, Esq., (Assistant Coach), J. TROTT, THE HEADMASTER, E. EBERTS, J. O'HALLORAN (Manager).

*Middle Row:* B. MACDOUGALL, P. MACKAY, D. HALLAM, J. REDPATH.

*Front Row:* F. MEREDITH, R. SOWARD, P. MACLEAN, P. PRICE (Captain), T. PETERS, J. COWANS, P. PERRY.

*Absent:* G. WIGGETT, Esq., (Coach), P. SAFFORD (Manager).

### HOCKEY FOREWORD

Old Boys of the future will doubtless remember the hockey season of 1953-54 with unusual clarity. They'll recall, probably, the December prognostications of an iceless winter and the grave fears that hiking, rather than hockey, would be the major exercise in the Lenten term; next, the return to as old-fashioned a January as their granddads ever knew. Twelve more days of hockey in February ended it, save for what we could salvage in the way of man-made ice at the Sherbrooke Arena, or the Forum in Montreal. From the standpoint of time and continuity it was not a satisfactory season, but, otherwise, it had its virtues. Let's assess them.

Lower Canada regained the A.C.O.B.A. Trophy by virtue of a close but definite win over B.C.S., both teams having previously defeated Ashbury College. Though we lost the silverware, it is this observer's considered

opinion that the 1954 team made the best defence of the cup since the 1951 squad won it in straight games. The team this year hadn't a symptom of oldcoloritis; it did not suffer from complacency as have some teams of the past; its penalty list was down a degree, and it was able to fight on even terms with L.C.C. in the third period—on Forum ice. The loss of the trophy sets up a worthy objective for next year's team—the regaining of supremacy in the Tri-school circuit. We had this, with one year's interruption, from 1944 till the end of 1951; judging from our games in Minor competition during the past season, we have potential champions throughout the School; down as deep as the E. T. finalists in the Pee wee division, the Prep Iroquois. We have good competition locally; in some divisions this year it was better than ever. Local Midget teams, for example, were able to

extend our first team to the limit, and the coming of a Provincial Midget championship to the District will certainly keep minor hockey interest very high. Given a few breaks on the weather, an even more determined, self-disciplined training, and we shall look back and downwards on the lean years.

The First Team showed, more than any other quality, an esprit de corps which earned them the support and respect of their constituency. You couldn't help liking this team for their drive, their anxiety to give the other man the credit for success. The goalie disclaimed merit for his saves, the rearguards blamed themselves for any defensive lapses, and the forwards, in general, turned in consistently energetic performances. Good team, and better luck in 1955!

We sampled the international flavour of the game this year with a visit to Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, and we watched Pete MacLean score the first B.C.S. goal on foreign ice with more than ordinary interest. At Deerfield, the faculty, the students and the good folk of the village warmed us with New England hospitality, although the temperature was anything but genial. A crowd of several hundred (including a former B.C.S. goaler who came one hundred miles to see) huddled against a biting wind and appeared to enjoy the game as much as any Canadians could. We lost, 5-3, with but one game's preparation, to a Deerfield team that was very good indeed. The Academy proved to be a revelation in Schools.

Just after the third game of the season, Gerry was taken to hospital. We expected his return, almost daily, for some time, and Captain Abbott rather gingerly held the reins. When it became evident that Mr. Wiggett would not be able to return before the season ended, there remained only two games to be played. It was a tribute to the character of both these men, and to the boys whom they coached, that there was no letdown in efficiency and work.

#### FIRST TEAM STATISTICS, 1954

Games Played, 11; Won 5; Lost 4; Tied 2.

Goals Scored, For-31; Against-38.

Cumulative Scoring By Periods.

	First Periods	Second Periods	Third Periods
For	9	10	12
Against	11	12	15

Individual Scoring:

Player	Position	Goals	Assists	Points	Penalties in Minutes
Price (Capt)	R.D.	5	3	8	0
Peters (A-C)	L.D.	4	4	8	8
Redpath	L.D.	0	0	0	2
MacKay	D.	0	1	1	0
Cowans	D.	0	0	0	0
MacLean (A-C)	R.W.	9	6	15	4
Soward	C.	7	10	17	6
MacDougall	L.W.	2	8	10	6
Eberts	R.W.	2	1	3	8
Trott	L.W.	1	2	3	6
Hallam	C.	1	3	4	2

#### B.C.S. vs DEERFIELD

At Deerfield

JANUARY 23rd, 1954 LOST 5-3

B.C.S. played their first big game of the '54 Season at Deerfield, Mass., Deerfield scored the opener at 6.15 of the 1st period. Fifteen seconds later B.C.S. tied the score with a goal by McLean from Soward. Price put B.C.S. ahead at 7.15 of the 1st stanza, but the score was tied

two minutes later. B.C.S. went ahead again at 12.12 of the first with Soward scoring from MacLean. This tied the score at 3-3. The second period went scoreless, but in the final period Deerfield scored twice to make the final count 5-3 in their favour.

#### FIRST TEAM vs STANSTEAD

AT B.C.S. WON 3-0

MacLean got the scoring underway at 1.35 of the 1st period with the assist going to Peters. B.C.S. never lost their early lead. B.C.S. scored again at 19.00 of the second period with Peters scoring from Price and MacDougall.

Again B.C.S. scored—Hallam from MacKay and Trott at 10.00 of the final period.

The game ended with B.C.S. 3 and Stanstead 0.



## B.C.S. vs OLD BOYS

At B.C.S.

FEBRUARY 13th, 1954 WON 5-2

The Molsoneers took on the School on February 13, in a game that showed the School what the hockey teams of old were like. The score did not represent difference in skill, but that the young can outplay the aged! The School sends out its most hearty thanks to all those Old Boys who so kindly participated in that game.

It was a clean game with only four penalties awarded.

MacLean opened the scoring at 10.45 of the 1st period on an assist from Soward and Peters. At 17.55 Peters

brought the score to 2-0 on an unassisted goal. The second period put B.C.S. ahead 3-0 at 3.47 with a goal by Soward from Peters. At 10.07 of the second period McBoyle scored for the Old Boys from Aird and Tyler. The period ended 3-1 in favour of the School.

The final period saw B.C.S. score twice in goals by Soward and Peters and a single for the Old Boys by Molson from Churchill-Smith. The final score was 5-2 in favour of B.C.S.

## B.C.S. vs ASHBURY

At B.C.S.

FEBRUARY 20th, 1954 WON 5-2

This was a hard fought game as the score sheet shows with ten penalties issued in the three periods of play.

There was no scoring in the first period, but the game got off to a rough start with five minors being given out. In the second period Price opened the scoring at 4.50 with assists going to Soward and MacDougall. Ashbury tied it up at 6.40 with Watson of Ashbury poking one in unassisted. B.C.S. went ahead at 15.95 of the middle

period when Trott scored from Hallam and Price. The period ended with B.C.S. leading 2-1. The 3rd period put B.C.S. in the lead for good. In the first minute of play Soward scored from MacLean; then Price scored from Trott and Eberts at 5.00. Ashbury came alive at 15.25 of the 3rd period when Wells scored from Irvine. MacLean scored at 18.65 from Soward and MacDougall to make the final score 5-2 in favour of B.C.S.

## MINOR HOCKEY

The Minor teams packed quite a parcel of hockey into the short 1954 season. With the return of the Prep Senecas to the Bantam division, ninety registered players represented B.C.S. in the various Q.M.H.A. leagues. Conspicuously, we lacked practice ice for minor and intramural hockey, and we felt the need of an outdoor rink, or longer steadier ice-time in the Memorial Rink, where a maximum of 15 hours of daytime ice per week must take care of practice and home-games for eight teams in the Upper and Middle Schools. Despite this shortage, the Minors collected one League title, one District title, and a Divisional Championship, in the Midget, Peewee and Bantam divisions respectively. Abenakis won their league, but lost to Sherbrooke Carnegie Midgets, who went on to defeat Jarry Park Wheelers, Montreal Titlists, 6-0, then to outplay Quebec St. Fidele Midgets, 4-2, to bring the first Quebec Minor Championship to this district. Prep Iroquois won the Lennoxville League, took the Sherbrooke District championship by defeating St. Pat's rather sensationally in overtime, only to lose to a strong little Beebe team in the Townships final by the odd goal. Bantams of the Upper School, the only team without an Indian tag, held the Indian sign over all opposition in their league, over the French section winners in Sherbrooke, and finally over Rock Island, Border League titlists, to make it two years in a row for the Eastern Townships Championship in the Bantam division.

Prep Senecas, light and inexperienced, took one game from a much heavier, faster Sherbrooke High team, and

gave a good account of themselves in their other games. Mohawks played hot and cold in the Midget section, while Prep Micmacs were no pushovers in the Peewee section, though they failed to register a win. A promising L'il Orphans league was organized intramurally, but had a very short season as the ice softened. Huband's were well in the lead when blue-lines dissolved. Orphans played several games with Divinity of U.B.C., and played Pt. St. Charles (Griffintown Boys' Club) in Montreal, before losing to Abenakis in a sudden death game for Second Team colours.

There was a surplus of Bantam-age material, and the L'il Orphans were largely drawn from the overflow of this section. Midgets suffered, as is common, from the drafting of the most capable Midgets to the First Team, and an attempt was made, with not very great success, to place two capable teams in the Midget division. As a result, the Second Team this year was composed of Abenakis, strengthened by the Mohawks' captain, whose ability won him a place in the Tuque contest.

Much has been gained, we believe, from the experience of Peewee teams in the Q.M.H.A. In a year or two, the results should begin to be evident in the Midget level; ultimately, in the First Team. They were visible beyond a doubt in the strength of the 1954 Bantams.

Given ice, and the spirit shown by most of the Minors of this year, and the School's hockey-farms should produce bigger and better crops in 1955.



ABENAKIS MIDGETS (SECOND TEAM)

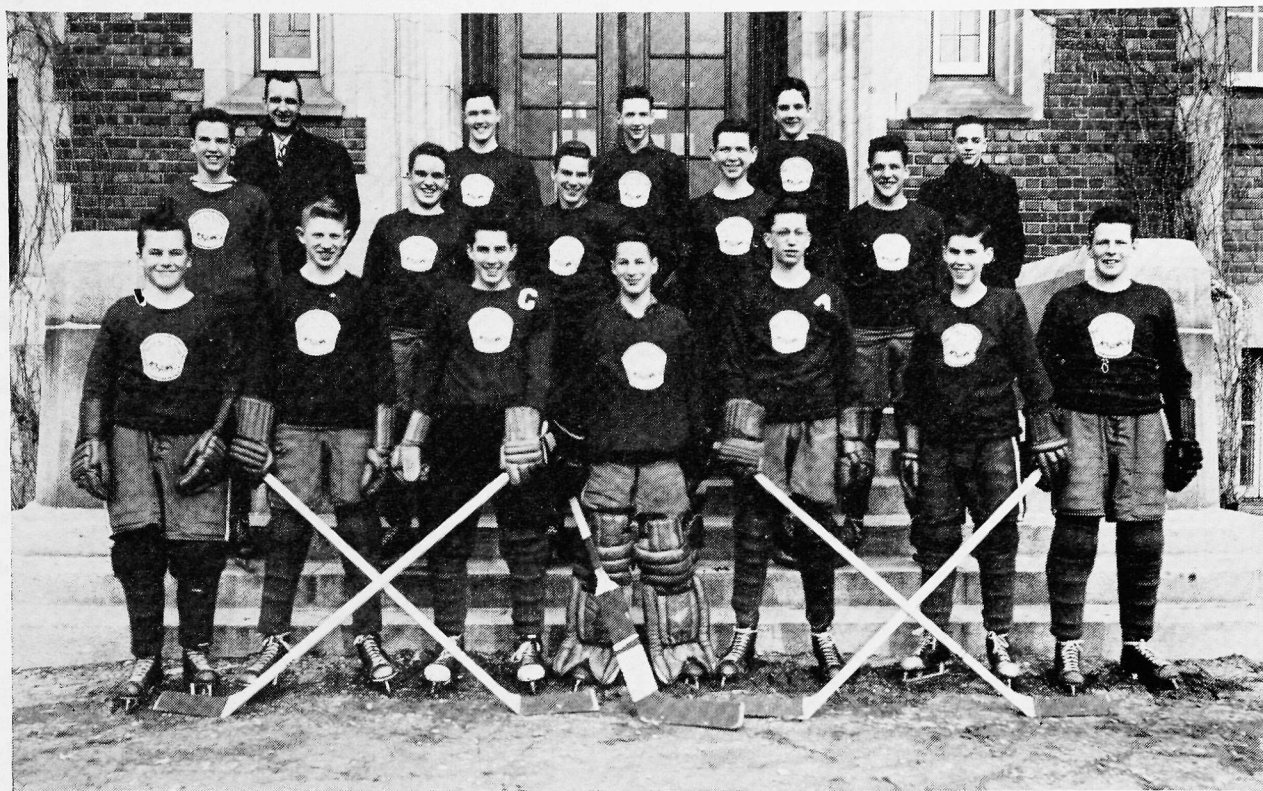
*Back Row:* J. DEVER (Assistant Manager), P. DUFFIELD, G. PATRIQUIN, Esq., J. TEARE, L. SCHEIB (Manager).  
*Middle Row:* R. TINKER, R. SYMONDS, P. O'HALLORAN, C. MITESCU, J. ROLAND, P. HYNDMAN  
*Front Row:* H. DIXON, H. FRASER, R. JAMIESON (Assistant Captain), T. GILLESPIE, E. MOLSON (Captain), W. SHARP, S. MOLSON.



ORPHAN HOCKEY CREASE

*Back Row:* S. F. ABBOTT, Esq., (Coach), B. JOHNSON, D. TREMBLE, J. CAMERON (Manager).  
*Middle Row:* W. ROBERTS, M. GORDON, P. BLAKE, J. DE LA VERGNE, J. UDD.  
*Front Row:* E. MURTHA, R. BAILEY, J. RIDER, D. JOHNSON (Captain), P. TWIDALE, B. BUCHANAN, A. HALLAC.



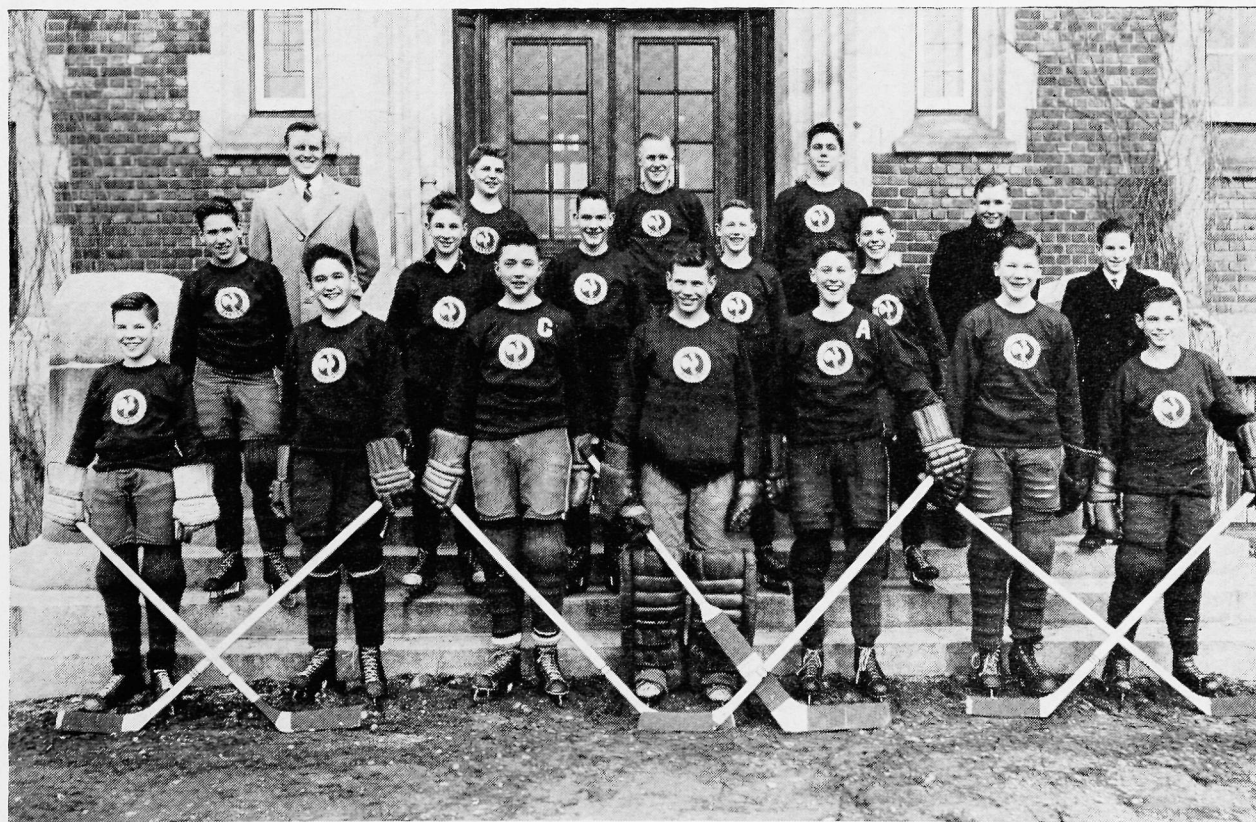


#### MOHAWKS MIDGETS

*Back Row:* A. CAMPBELL, Esq., T. HALL, P. SCOTT, B. SHARP, M. CHOQUETTE (Manager).

*Middle Row:* G. EBERTS, W. CLOUGH, R. MUNRO, D. STRACHAN, J. DALGLISH.

*Front Row:* R. JUDGE, D. CONYERS, I. SMITH (Captain), A. WAIT, R. MACDOUGALL (Assistant Captain), M. LANDSBERG, P. AUDET.



#### BANTAM HOCKEY TEAM — Q.M.H.A. EASTERN TOWNSHIPS CHAMPIONS

*Back Row:* E. PILGRIM, Esq., R. MILLER, W. SEWELL, P. McLAGAN, W. BRAINERD.

*Middle Row:* P. JOHNSTON, D. McNEILL, J. McLERNON, M. McMASTER, G. BLADON, M. HUBAND.

*Front Row:* D. COBURN, M. BYERS, S. OLAND (Captain), H. PRESCOTT, D. BASSETT, P. MITCHELL, T. RANKIN.



## ABENAKIS RECORD—1954

### LEAGUE GAMES, "A" SECTION SHERBROOKE DISTRICT, Q.M.H.A.

Abenakis	3	S. H. S.	6
Abenakis	5	L. H. S.	1
Abenakis	4	Mohawks	0
Abenakis	15	Mohawks	1
Abenakis	10	L. H. S.	0

### PLAYOFF, "A" SECTION

Abenakis	5	S. H. S.	3
Abenakis	4	S. H. S.	3

### CITY CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFF

Abenakis	3	Carnegie	10
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### TUQUE CHAMPIONSHIP

Abenakis	6	Orphans	0
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### EXHIBITION

Ecole Supérieure	6	Abenakis	1
Abenakis	2	Carnegie	6
Abenakis	4	Ecole Supérieure	7
Abenakis	2	Carnegie	5

Played 13; Won 6; Lost 7.

### Individual Scoring:

	Position	Goals	Assists	Points	Penalties in Minutes
Sharp I	R.D.	0	3	3	2
Dixon	L.D.	0	6	6	2
O'Halloran	D.	0	1	1	4
Duffield	D.	0	2	2	0
Symonds	D. & F.	1	3	4	0
Molson I (C)	C.	8	7	15	6
Fraser	R.W.	8	12	20	4
Jamieson	L.W.	11	13	24	8
Molson II	C.	2	5	7	0
Hyndman	L.W.	18	5	23	12
Tinker	R.W.	12	13	25	4
Roland	C.	3	3	6	2
Teare	R.W.	2	1	3	0
Mitescu	L.W.	0	1	1	0

## ORPHANS

Lennoxville High School	Lost	4-3
Bishop's (Divinity)	Won	3-1
Sherbrooke High School	Lost	5-0
Mohawks	Won	4-3
Bishop's (Divinity)	Tied	3-3
Griffintown Boys' Club	Lost	6-1
Bishop's (Divinity)	Lost	8-2

## MOHAWKS

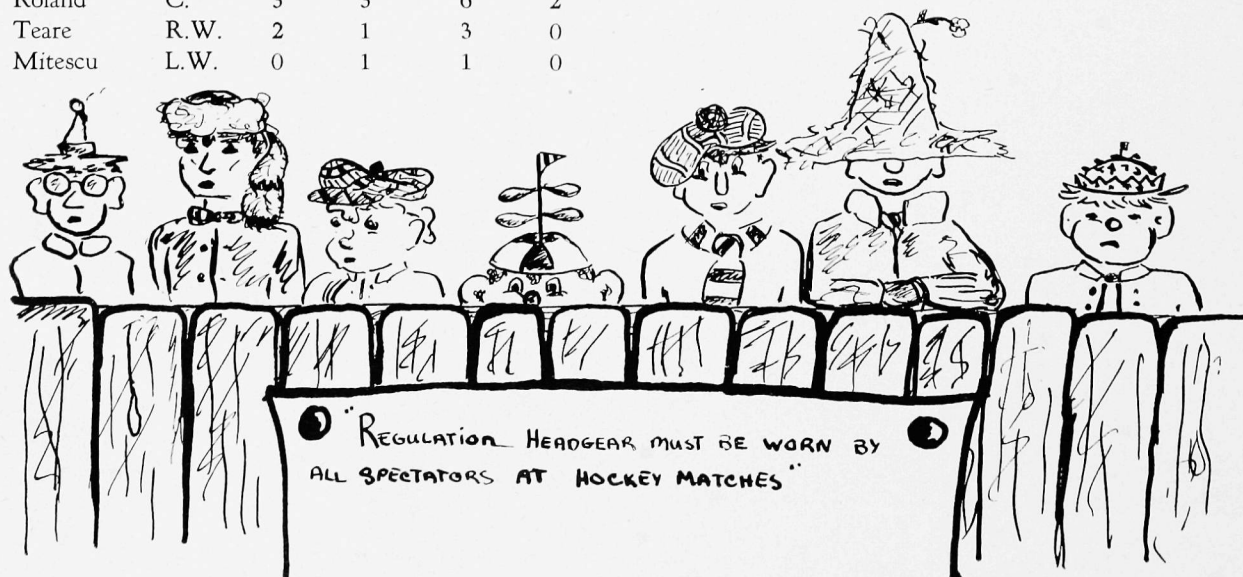
Sherbrooke High School	Lost	3-0
Orphans	Lost	4-3
Sherbrooke High School	Lost	7-1
Abenakis	Lost	4-0
Lennoxville High School	Lost	4-3
Abenakis	Lost	15-1
Lennoxville High School	Lost	4-2

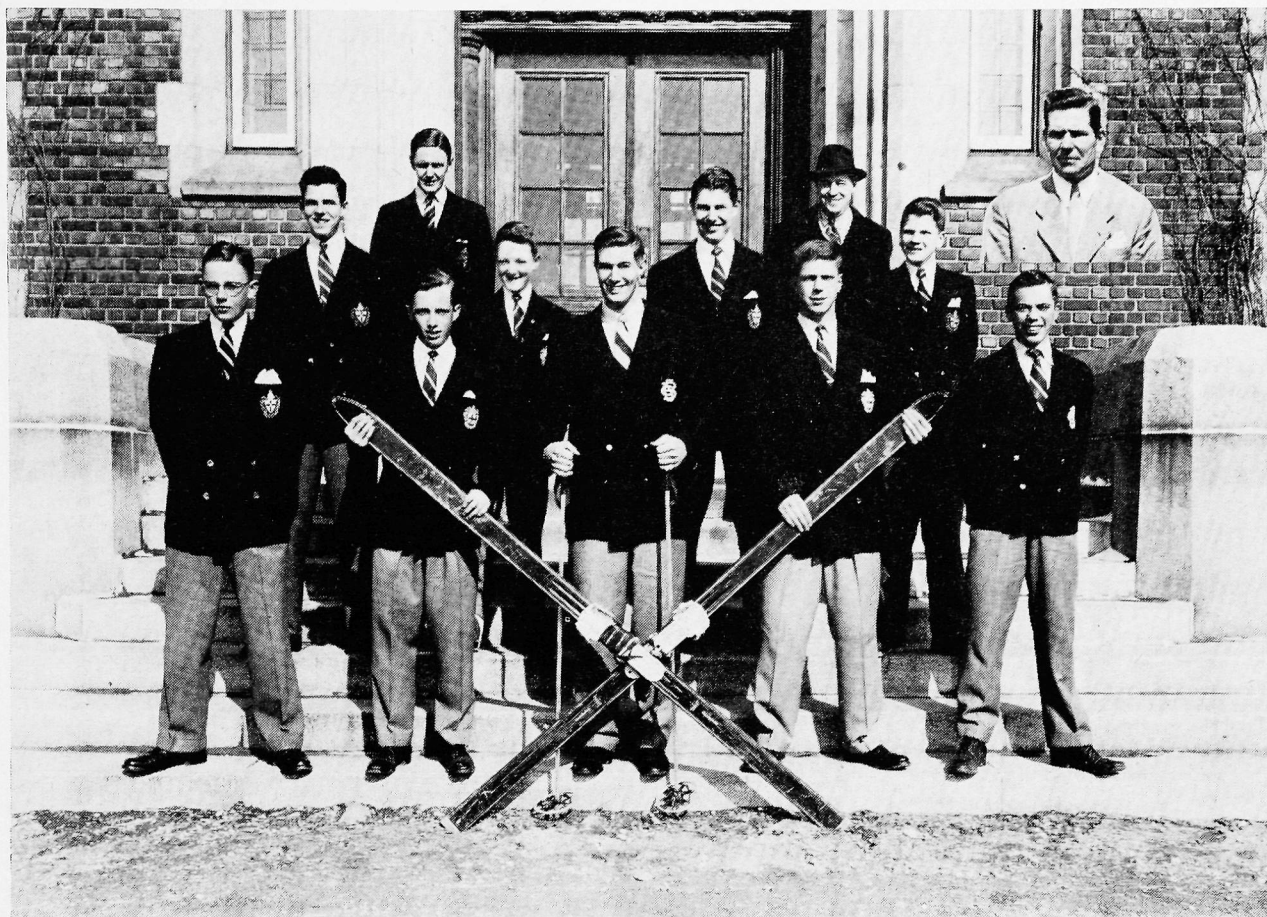
## BANTAMS

Lennoxville High School	Won	13-1
Sherbrooke High School	Won	7-0
Ste-Thérèse	Won	4-1
St. Pat's	Won	6-0
Ste-Thérèse	Won	4-1
St. Pat's	Won	13-0
Sherbrooke High School	Won	4-0

### PLAYOFFS

Ste-Thérèse	Won	11-0
Ste-Thérèse	Won	5-4
Rock Island	Won	4-0





#### FIRST SKI TEAM

*Back Row:* L. EVANS, ESQ., (Manager) THE HEADMASTER

*Middle Row:* D. ROBERTSON, J. PENHALE, A. HUNGERBUHLER, D. POLLOCK.

*Front Row:* P. WHITE, G. NESBITT, J. PRATT (Captain), J. OGILVIE, T. ROGERS.

*Insert:* F. MOLNAR, ESQ., (Coach).

### SKIING - 1954

This year the snow conditions were considerably more favorable than they have been for the last three years and in consequence there was much enthusiasm for skiing. The skiers were fortunate in having as instructor and coach Mr. Frank Molnar, who recently came to Canada from Bled, Yugoslavia. His value as an instructor was easily seen in the big improvement in the standard of skiing amongst the beginners.

The ski team, consisting of Ogilvie, Nesbitt I, Rogers, White, Penhale and Pratt (Capt.) went to Quebec with Mr. Molnar and Mr. Gordon on February 5th, to ski in a meet against three Quebec schools, St. Patrick's, Quebec High School, and the Academy. This meet, held in perfect snow conditions, was a huge success owing to the efficient organization of Tony and Scott Price who rendered our team wonderful hospitality in every way. The meet consisted of a controlled downhill and a slalom.

The winning team was The Academy. B.C.S. came second.

The Eastern Townships Inter-Scholastic Ski Meet was held at Hillcrest on February 7th. It was sponsored by B.C.S. and organized by Mr. Evans. There were seventy entrants, representing five schools. Our senior team (Gallop I, Capt., Davidson I, Pick, Kyrtsis I, and Mac-taggart) placed second to Stanstead for the senior team Trophy and our junior team (Pollock, Capt., Tomlinson, Riley, Temple and Vincent) won the 35th Battery Junior Trophy. Robertson won the McGannon Trophy for first place in the senior events. Grenier, of Magog, won the Eastern Townships Junior Championship, the Hillcrest Trophy.

The Triangle Meet was held on February 27-28. The snow conditions for this meet were poor, but we were graced by the absence of last year's cloudburst. The



downhill was won by Pratt with Rhodes I, Ashbury, second. The slalom was won by Ogilvie with Drysdale, L.C.C., second. L.C.C., led by Frosst, took the honours in the cross country and their good showing gave them enough points to win the meet. Ashbury came second and B.C.S. last. Drysdale, L.C.C., won the individual combined, the Price Trophy. The B.C.S. team consisted of Pratt, Ogilvie, Nesbitt, Rogers, Robertson, White, Pollock and Hungerbuhler.

The ski team was one of the eleven teams to enter the School-Boy Meet sponsored by the Red Birds. The meet was held at St. Sauveur and consisted of a cross country and a slalom. Sedbergh made a spectacular showing in the cross country, taking six out of the first ten places. In this event Nesbitt placed 7th and Pratt was 8th. Mount Royal High won the slalom with ease. The individual winner was Earl Elder of Montreal High. In the team standings Sedbergh came first, followed by Mount Royal High, Ashbury, B.C.S., and L.C.C. The first two men on each team received a "Jack Rabbit" pin signifying their membership in the new 'Jack Rabbit Club' formed in honour of the amazing old-timer Hermann Johannsen. The two members of this club from B.C.S. are Ogilvie and Pratt. The remainder of our team were Nesbitt, Robertson, White and Rogers.

Colours were awarded to the following: Ogilvie, Nesbitt, Robertson, Rogers, White, Pratt.

J. PRATT, (Form VII)

## TRACK

This year nearly fifty boys joined the Track Crease which was coached by Captain Abbott. A program of intense training began as soon as the final term got under way, though it was impossible to use the quarter mile grass track until quite late in the season because of the rain and muddy field.

Again this year the School sent a team to the annual Eastern Townships Track and Field Meet, in Sherbrooke on May 22nd. Because of heavy rain which lasted most of the day a number of schools scratched their entries, but great sportsmanship was shown by all entrants despite the downpour.

B.C.S. had entries in all classes except the Midgets. Our strong classes were Senior and Intermediate. Although B.C.S. did not bring back the silverware, Redpath won the Mile Trophy, and the School's relay teams won in both the Senior and Intermediate classes. The School placed second with 89 points, only  $10\frac{1}{2}$  points behind the winning Stanstead entry, which totalled 99 $\frac{1}{2}$  points.

J. COWANS, (Form C VI)



## FIRST CRICKET XI FIXTURES

## CHAIRMAN'S XI AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY, MAY 8TH.

Blake b. Mr. Brasier.....	1
Nesbitt I. b. Mr. Pilgrim.....	0
MacDougall I. b. Mr. Pilgrim.....	10
Fraser b. Mr. Penton.....	6
Price b. Mr. Brasier.....	2
Peters l.b.w. Mr. Pilgrim.....	3
Trott b. Mr. Doheny.....	36
Henderson I. l.b. Mr. Brasier.....	23
Meredith l.b.w. Mr. Brasier.....	0
Murtha I. b. Mr. Brasier.....	7
MacKay c. Mr. Doheny b. Mr. Brasier.....	0
Jamieson I. run out.....	7
Johnson II. not out.....	2

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	O.	M.	R.	W.
Mr. Pilgrim.....	8	2	21	3
Mr. Brasier.....	8	1	29	5
Mr. Doheny....	6	0	19	2
Mr. Penton.....	8	1	15	1
Mr. McNeil....	3	1	14	1

Mr. Penton b. Henderson.....	13
Mr. Doheny c. MacDougall b. Fraser.....	0
Mr. Booth b. Jamieson.....	12
Mr. Brasier b. MacKay.....	6
Mr. Webster b. Jamieson.....	0
Mr. Glass c. Henderson b. Jamieson.....	6
Mr. McMaster b. MacKay.....	1
Mr. MacDougall b. Fraser.....	3
Mr. Philips c. Blake b. Johnson.....	0
Mr. Pilgrim l.b.w. Henderson.....	3
Mr. McNeil not out.....	0
Mr. Davis b. Fraser.....	0
Mr. Mitchell l.b.w. Fraser.....	2

50

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Henderson.....	10	4	12	2
Fraser.....	7	1	14	4
Jamieson I.....	8	2	11	3
Trott.....	2	1	1	0
MacKay.....	4	0	4	2
Johnson II.....	1	0	3	1

Won By B.C.S. By 53 Runs.

## MONTREAL WANDERERS C.C. AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY MAY 15TH.

Based on Two Innings

1ST XI: 101 MONTREAL C.C.: 86

Time Called, Result: Draw

## ASHBURY COLLEGE XI AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY MAY 22ND.

Gill b. Henderson.....	5
Richardson b. Henderson.....	1
Kamcke b. Henderson.....	2
Brown Stumped.....	7
Baer b. Fraser.....	16
Eastwood b. Fraser.....	2
Hart b. Fraser.....	6
Jackson b. Fraser.....	0
Rhodes I. c. Jamieson b. Fraser.....	3
Knowlton b. MacKay.....	0
Killaly l.b.w. MacKay.....	15
Pennington Not Out.....	12
Extras.....	6

75

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Henderson.....	13	2	29	4
Fraser.....	13	4	23	5
MacKay.....	2	0	7	1
Jamieson I.....	2	0	10	0

Nesbitt I. b. Hart.....	3
Fraser c. Kamcke b. Eastwood.....	1
Peters b. Eastwood.....	0
Henderson I. b. Hart.....	9
Price l.b.w. Eastwood.....	33
Blake b. Hart.....	0
Meredith b. Eastwood.....	12
MacDougall I. c. Hart b. Jackson.....	4
Trott b. Eastwood.....	2
Murtha I. Not Out.....	2
Jamieson I. Stumped.....	1
MacKay b. Hart.....	1
Extras.....	6

74

Won By Ashbury By 1 Run.

MONTREAL ADASTRIAN C.C. AT B.C.S. ON MONDAY MAY 24TH.  
 B.C.S. FIRST XI: 67 ADASTRANS: 91 FOR FOUR WICKETS  
 WON BY ADASTRANS BY 24 RUNS

MASTERS XI AT B.C.S. ON WEDNESDAY MAY 26TH.  
 B.C.S. FIRST XI: 140 MASTERS: 15  
 WON BY B.C.S. BY 125 RUNS

B.C.S. FIRST XI AT ASHBURY COLLEGE, OTTAWA ON SATURDAY MAY 29TH.

FIRST INNINGS		SECOND INNINGS	
Gill b. Henderson.....	2	c. MacDougall b. Henderson...	0
Richardson c. Blake b. Fraser..	3	c. Trott b. Henderson.....	7
Kamcke b. Henderson.....	3	Not Out.....	2
Brown b. Fraser.....	0	Run Out.....	2
Baer l.b.w. Fraser.....	0	b. Fraser.....	10
Eastwood c. Trott b. Henderson.....	0	c. Henderson b. Fraser.....	0
Hart c. Murtha b. Henderson	3	c. Fraser b. Fraser.....	0
Jackson c. Meredith b. Henderson.....	1	Run Out.....	3
Rhodes I. b. Fraser.....	3	c. MacKay b. Henderson.....	1
Knowlton b. Fraser.....	0	c. MacDougall b. Henderson...	0
Killaly l.b.w. Fraser.....	0	b. Henderson.....	2
Pennington Not Out.....	1	b. Fraser.....	0
Extras.....	4	Extras.....	1
	20		28

ASHBURY TOTAL—48 RUNS.

WON BY B.C.S. BY AN INNINGS AND 9 RUNS.

Captain B. MACDOUGALL  
 Vice-Captain: T. PETERS

Best Batting Average: P. PRICE  
 Best Bowling Average: H. FRASER

#### RECORD:

Won.....	3
Lost.....	2
Drew.....	1
Total Matches.....	6

## UNDER XVI CRICKET, 1954

The Under XVI Cricket crease, coached by Mr. Doheny and Mr. Heney, turned out a victorious team again this year. They played Ashbury twice, beating them at B.C.S. 86-68, scoring 22 runs before the first wicket fell. A muddy pitch and heavy rain handicapped the bowling on both sides. Six B.C.S. batsmen were caught, three were bowled and two run out. Bassett and Eberts I were high bats for the School with 20 runs apiece.

B.C.S. took the field and bowled five, caught four and ran out two. Beavers was Ashbury's top batsman with 39 runs. Molson's bowling took four wickets.

The return match on the Government House ground in Ottawa saw a much more even score. B.C.S. batted first and scored only 24, but Ashbury could not get closer than 22. B.C.S. scored 59 in the second innings, and Ashbury had 6 for nine wickets when stumps were drawn.

J. COWANS, (C VI I)

## PRIZE LIST, 1954

SENIOR:	100 Yards (The Balfour Cup).....	1. P. Price	2. J. Ogilvie
	220 Yards (The Molson Medal).....	1. J. Ogilvie	2. K. Stirling
	440 Yards (Open) (The Senator White Challenge Cup)....	1. J. Roland	2. R. MacDougall
	Hurdles.....	1. J. Pratt	2. K. Stirling
	High Jump.....	1. K. Stirling	2. J. Pratt
	Broad Jump (The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. J. Pratt	2. K. Stirling
	Shot Put (Open).....	1. J. Pratt	2. T. Peters
	(New Record, 39' 10'')		
	Discus (Open).....	1. J. Pratt	2. T. Peters
	Pole Vault (Open).....	1. K. Stirling	2. J. Pratt
	Cricket Ball Throw (Open) (The Allan Challenge Cup)...	1. D. Johnson	2.
	Half Mile (Open) (The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. J. de la Vergne	2. H. Fraser
INTERMEDIATE:	Mile Run (Open) (The Kaulbach Medal).....	1. J. Redpath	2. I. Henderson
	100 Yards (The Janner Challenge Trophy).....	1. A. Hallac	2. C. Mitescu
	220 Yards.....	1. A. Hallac	2. H. Dixon
	Hurdles.....	1. J. Roland	2. H. Fraser
	High Jump.....	1. J. Roland	2. J. Rider
JUNIOR:	Broad Jump.....	1. R. Soward	2. W. Sharp
	100 Yards.....	1. G. Johnston	2. F. Wanklyn
	220 Yards.....	1. F. Wanklyn	2. G. Johnston
	Hurdles.....	1. S. Molson	2. G. Johnston
	High Jump.....	1. P. Gallop	2. T. Rankin
SISTER'S RACE.....	Broad Jump.....	1. F. Wanklyn	2. T. Hall
	.....	1. Susan Sharp	2. M. MacDougall
OLD BOYS' RACE.....		1. C. Rankin	2. R. Setlakwe
THREE LEGGED RACE.....		1. J. Milette and J. Rider	2. R. Tinker and B. Sharp
DORMITORY	Senior Dorm Relay (Tuckshop Cup).....	1. Smith House	2. Williams House
	(New Record, 1.37.4)		
RELAYS:	Junior Dorm Relay (The Tuckshop Cup).....	1. "C" Dormitory	2. "D" Dormitory
TENNIS:	Senior Singles.....	1. F. Meredith	
	Senior Doubles.....	J. Trott and J. Gallop	
	Junior Singles.....	G. Bladon	
	Junior Doubles.....	P. Gallop and T. Gillespie	
SHOOTING:	The McA'Nulty Cup.....	I. Henderson	
GOLF:	The School Open Tournament.....	J. Trott	
RUGBY:	The Cleghorn Cup.....	J. Pratt	
SKIING:	The Senior Whittall Cup.....	J. Pratt	
	The Senior Porteous Cup.....	D. Pollock	
	The Junior Porteous Cup.....	P. Tomlinson	
CRICKET:	Batting Average.....	P. Price	
	Bowling Average.....	H. Fraser	



THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL:	100 Yards Challenge Cup.....	1. M. Ayre	2. C. Mejia
	220 Yards (The Price Challenge Cup).....	1. M. Ayre	2. N. Webster
	50 Yards (Under 12).....	1. E. Smith	2. K. Jamieson
	50 Yards (Under 11).....	1. K. Jamieson	2. J. Fox
	50 Yards (Under 10).....	1. M. Harris	2. F. Brown
	Hurdles.....	1. M. Ayre	2. C. Mejia
	High Jump.....	1. M. Ayre	2. D. Bassett
	Broad Jump.....	1. C. Mejia	2. M. Ayre, N. Webster, tied
	Cricket Ball Throw.....	1. P. Webb	2. M. Ayre
	Three Legged Race.....	D. Patriquin and K. Jamieson, D. Rowat and P. Sill, tied.	
BOXING:	Cricket Batting Average.....	R. Smith	
	Cricket Bowling Average.....	N. Webster	
	Sportsmanship Trophy.....	R. Smith	
	The Stoker Cup, Prep Championship.....	M. Ayre	
	Middleweight.....	T. Jessop	
	Bantamweight.....	N. Webster	
	Flyweight.....	E. Smith	
	Mosquitoweight.....	J. Clarke	
	The Rankin Trophy (For Track and Field in the Upper School).....	J. Pratt	
ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIPS:	The Preparatory School (Richardson Cup).....	N. Webster	
	Junior (The R.M.C. Cup).....	S. Molson	
	Intermediate (Challenge Cup).....	H. Fraser	
	Senior: School Championship (The Smith Cup and Fortune Medal).....	J. Pratt	

# THE OPEN BOOK



## LEADERSHIP FOR MODERN YOUTH

(Warren Hale Prize-Winning Essay)

What is youth but the prime of Man's life, unbridled by the ability and judgment of riper years? Youth, forever liberal and radical, needs the guidance of more mature and conservative minds.

At no time in history has the need for efficient leadership for youth been more pressing and more urgent than today. The formidable advances in science which have occurred during the past half-century have dazzled and stupefied the mind of modern youth. The luxury and comfort which can be procured as a result of modern progress present to young and inexperienced people a temptation almost too great to be resisted. "Why should we toil and exert ourselves," they reason, "when, with a minimum of effort, we can relax and enjoy at our ease the comforts of modern life?" What they do not realize is that these very advantages are the fruits of the relentless labor of men of former generations.

Education is the means whereby youth should be trained and led toward a better and wiser outlook upon life; yet it is in education that the need for leadership is most apparent. The standard of learning needed to enter university has been gradually lowered, so that, now, the 'average' student is admitted to university provided that he furnishes modest evidence of ability and zeal. A good example of this lowered standard is the gradual disappearance of Greek, and even Latin, from modern education. Until a few years ago, Latin and Greek were prerequisites for the pursuit of almost all branches of higher education. Nowadays, Greek has vanished from the courses given by most North American high schools and Latin is fast waning too. The argument is brought up time and time again that these languages are of no practical value whatsoever in the great majority of modern professions. But do most young people who plan to attend university want to go there merely to learn a trade? In that case, the system of mediaeval guilds, slightly developed and modified, would be an appropriate substitute for modern universities. But if modern youth wants to acquire, at university, a higher education and culture, why should it not be required to obtain at least a working knowledge of Greek and Latin? The writers of ancient Greece and Rome have bequeathed us an inestimable literary treasure and a philosophy of life and thought which cannot be fully appreciated in any translation, however good.

Furthermore, modern education is being continually undermined by the great emphasis which is today placed on sports. Granted, a certain amount of physical education is necessary to ensure a healthy development of the body; but when the physical development of individuals is emphasized at the expense of the development of their

intellectual capacities, it becomes a menace which must be checked and warded off. Today, the temporary success and popularity which a sports career may provide appeal to a great many youngsters more than the apparent toil and exertion which lead to an intellectual career. The dazzling success and salaries of some outstanding professional-sports stars seem to be ample justification for aiming at a sports career. What modern youth does not understand is that, for every outstanding star, there are hundreds and hundreds of unsuccessful players, and, as for the more successful ones, their success will be short-lived, and unrewarding in later life.

Man differs from the rest of the animal world in that intelligence and reason have replaced, in his conduct, the natural instinct by means of which the other animals guide themselves. Nevertheless, man's natural tendency is directed toward a return to the purely animal aspect of life; it is only by a constant and unceasing effort that he can develop his intellect and drive his mind toward a higher goal. If this effort is not sustained, the fruits of the labor of many former generations are left to spoil and a retrogression in man's moral and intellectual habits becomes more and more evident, until a new force, at the cost of an infinitely greater effort, checks the downgrade of civilization. Man's ultimate goal is the attainment of a perfect moral and spiritual existence. As Lord Tennyson expressed it:

"For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Nowadays, religion is influencing the lives of very few people indeed and, though many outwardly profess a faith, in their own minds their end is far away and clouded in mists. Strong leadership is needed to teach modern youth the fundamental goal of life, and it must be even stronger to cause its pupils to practise and observe what they are taught. The standard of a civilization cannot be held to a standstill; it will evolve or regress in accordance with the behaviour of its individual members.

The history of mankind teems with examples of civilizations and empires which have waxed strong and powerful and then waned. To illustrate this we need pick out only two, those of Rome and Spain, the former a relatively ancient one, the latter early modern.

Six centuries before the birth of our Lord, Rome was one of many city-states on the Italian peninsula; yet, because of the fortitude and morally healthy behaviour of its early citizens, it acquired, within a few centuries,



an extensive empire and developed a civilization which has barely been surpassed in modern times. However, because of the loosening of moral and intellectual discipline which accompanied power and wealth, this same empire, within a much shorter period than it had taken to build it, decayed to such an extent that the period of history which followed it came to be called—and rightly so—the Dark Ages.

An even more recent example of the result of moral and intellectual corruption in a nation can be seen in Spain. Four hundred years ago, through the industry and enterprising spirit of many explorers, Spain acquired an enormous and extremely wealthy empire in the New World, an empire which, if properly managed, would have ensured the predominance of Spain among European nations to this very day. But the Spaniards, once they had amassed this great treasure, were not equal to the task of conserving it. They allowed themselves to enjoy the wealth of their colonies without bothering to perform the duties which fall upon those in power. They did not attempt to win the allegiance of the natives by means of good government and justice; they allowed themselves to become selfish and corrupt. For these reasons, their empire was wrested away either by more energetic nations or by the native population of their colonies. Spain lost the predominance which she was destined never to regain.

It can be seen from these examples that the carelessness of a few generations may undo the work of many righteous and hard-working ones.

The weaknesses and evils in modern civilization are obvious. They are luxury, greed, sloth, and the neglect of moral responsibilities. If strong measures are taken to stamp them out, this civilization will stand out as the

highest and most durable in history; but if nothing is done about these evils, this civilization will be numbered with the many which have risen and fallen in the past. Its fall will be the greater because of the greater heights which it has reached. Good leadership for today's youth, tomorrow's leaders, is the only means to enhance the evolution of the modern world.

That modern youth may be led in the right path, the university standard must first be raised to a higher level; in this way, university education will be available only to those who are willing to toil for it. Moreover, the courses in the first two years at university should be broadened so as to give all students a sound basis of general culture. Furthermore, sports should be relegated to their proper place in education institutions; they should not be—as it is too often the case—the most important activity at those institutions, more important and more rewarding than intellectual pursuits and achievements. Lastly, but most importantly, modern youth should be taught to shoulder willingly their responsibilities, moral, spiritual, and intellectual, and to consider modern progress and comforts as better means to reach life's goal, not as that goal itself. Only if these changes are effected will modern youth become the leaders of Matthew Arnold's vision:

“Not like the men of the crowd  
Who all round me to-day  
Bluster and cringe, and make life  
Hideous, and arid, and vile;  
But souls tempered with fire,  
Fervent, heroic and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind.”

CATALIN MITESCU, (Form VII)

## EVEREST

The team was picked; it had the best in man,  
For each would do his part, and each would win.  
Prepared, they reached Nepal, and, like a khan,  
It lay before those ready to begin.  
The Sherpas carried gear, the climbers trudged,  
And up they went to God's own frozen world,  
And higher still, but Lhotse was misjudged:  
The climbers camped, and then a storm was hurled.  
Supplies were short, the way was blocked, until  
There came the break, the summit in the sun.  
The first came back—the top so near but still  
So far. Two men, the work of all men, won.  
The summit conquered then, their flags unfurled,  
Two races were at one, above the world.

P. DUFFIELD, (Form M VI)

## THE HUGESSEN PRIZE

This year's competition for the Kenneth Hugessen Prize has been widened to include short stories as well as poetry. Three stories and a poetry entry have been judged. The prize goes to Michael Choquette's story, "Footprints in the Snow", which, while it had its weakness in the motives of Carl and the melodrama of its ending, seemed to the judges to show good projection on the part of the author into the mind of Norman and the most genuine creation of plausible atmosphere and

setting. Peter Tiedemann's "The Dark Grew Dawn" is commended for its atmosphere, but seemed rather artificial in its characterization. Michael Bell's "The Frightened Heir" shows much promise, but its good narration and action are offset by the weakness of plot and ending. Peter Duffield's poem "New Sound" is an interesting attempt in the modern manner, but none of his poems shows the convincing mastery of form which is a qualifying factor in the competition.

### FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

It was grey . . . no . . . white. At least it was better than a few moments before when it had all seemed black.

Through blinking eyes, Norman Turner fought to focus his sight on the open door of the small Stinson Voyager aircraft. He managed to pull himself up to a sitting position, but almost fell back as the blood rushed down in his head. When the dizziness had more or less cleared, he passed his hand over his head. Just one pain at the back. He must have hit the ceiling.

How long had he been unconscious? How long had it been since the blinding winter blizzard had forced him to crash-land in these barren northern woods? There was no heavy wind now. He pulled at the sleeve which covered his watch. Three o'clock. He had been there since noon.

The last thing he remembered was the tree-tops scraping the underside of the plane. Then that blackness. He had been sitting at the stick, beside his brother, Carl and . . . Carl! . . . Where was Carl?

Norman's heart beat like a machine-gun as he realized that he had completely forgotten about Carl. He bit his lip, too terrified to turn. When he had gathered enough courage, he whirled around, expecting anything, but the back of the Stinson was empty.

Norman gripped the seat, and slowly eased himself out through the door.

The plane had settled on some pine trees, and it was about an eight foot drop to the snow-covered ground. He let go. His feet hit, and his knees buckled under him. He was still weak.

Just beside him there was a set of footprints—Carl's. When he turned, he saw that they led away into the woods.

"Carl!" he yelled. "Where are you?" His voice echoed in the surrounding hills. There was no answer.

Norman began to follow the foot-steps. As he walked, knee deep in snow, his thoughts flashed back to the accident. The brothers had been suddenly called back to Ottawa after four weeks of desk work at a northern lumber mill. The blizzard had been a bad one. It had struck very unexpectedly, and they had not been able to see more than a few yards ahead of them. Norman had done

his best to ease the Stinson down slowly, but he had been unable to avoid the crash.

The plane wasn't much damaged, thanks to the flexible tree-tops, but, in those woods, a take-off was out of the question. They had enough gas—more than they needed. Now Norman realized how useless the most essential thing could be.

He stopped to look over the range of mountains they had to cross before getting anywhere near civilization. The nearest town was at least a hundred miles away. They could never make it on foot. It was not very cold at the moment, but that did not mean anything.

If only they had had the radio with them. But it was being repaired in Ottawa. Now he realized how stupid it had been even to consider flying without a radio. But they had gambled with luck . . . and lost.

Norman turned, and called again. Nothing was audible except the soft breeze that almost never ceases in that region.

He was beginning to wonder how far ahead his brother was. Had he heard Norman calling, and just not bothered to answer? It wouldn't be too surprising after the way Carl had been acting for the past few days.

Both the boys had graduated from college a year and a half before, and they decided to start their business career as accountants for a lumber company near Chicoutimi. All had been well until recently, when Carl had taken a queer attitude towards everything. In fact for the last week he had been so self centered and unsociable that no one could speak to him without being told to shut up. Norman had no idea why his brother would not answer simple questions or carry on conversation. Perhaps this was why Carl had not been his first thought upon regaining consciousness.

The footprints continued deeper into the woods, so Norman followed. As he walked, he looked up at the trees towering above him. They didn't mind staying here; this was where they had been brought up, and . . .

The sudden cracking of branches made Norman freeze. The sounds continued—footsteps! They were coming from the bushes on the little hill to his side. Carl? It could be a bear, or . . . no . . . it was Carl. Loud, un-

restrained swearing convinced Norman. The latter bounded over the hill and down the other side.

Carl was at the bottom, holding a hand over his eyes. A branch had sprung back in his face. He shot a quick glance at Norman who stopped a couple of yards from him. Behind Carl, the woods thinned out, and Norman could see his brother's footprints stretching out for about half a mile. There they turned and came back. What had made him stop? Had it been brotherly love? Norman didn't think so. It was surprising that Carl had not attempted to return to civilization alone.

Norman spoke first. "How long have you been out here, Carl?"

Carl shrugged his shoulders. "I dunno."

"Were you knocked out?"

"No."

"What's back there?" asked Norman, pointing in the direction from which Carl had come. "Any fire-towers?"

"No."

"What about on the other side of the Stinson?"

"A lake."

"A la . . . what? Are you serious? How big is it?"

"About a square mile, I suppose. But look . . . why don't you go, and see for yourself?"

Norman nodded, and turned. He began retracing his footsteps. He quickened his pace, and in ten minutes he had reached the plane. His brother was far behind, walking slowly.

Norman continued beyond the Stinson, and, after fighting with tough shrubbery, discovered that the ground suddenly dipped. Less than fifty yards away, a beautiful white expanse of ice stretched out before him. Its surface was smooth and unbroken. Through the blizzard they hadn't seen the lake. If they had, they would have landed on it.

Norman thought that this would be a perfect place to tramp out an S.O.S. Without hesitating, he clambered down the slope and onto the lake. The snow was a foot deep, and the ice was solid.

Norman walked out about three hundred feet, and then began the first "S". He made it about twenty feet long and eight wide. After about five minutes he started the "O".

In twenty minutes he had finished. His feet were colder now. Slowly he started walking back. He felt as if the lake were a big bowl. All around him there was a ridge—the sides of the bowl. The slopes averaged seventy-five feet in height everywhere except at the far end of the lake, where the ground leaped up to make a small mountain. Through the trees on the ridge, Norman could hardly make out the Stinson. He laughed sarcastically at the thought of a take-off from there. If only they had landed on the lake.

When he reached the plane, he found Carl in the cabin. Picking up a branch, Norman hit the door to attract his attention. After a few moments, Carl kicked it open. He didn't look out. Norman climbed up onto the landing skis and then swung himself up through the doorway. The Stinson swayed a little under his weight.

Carl was sitting in the seat holding a sharpening stone. At his feet were two axes.

Norman's heart jumped for a moment . . . but no . . . Carl wasn't that bad. Then why the hatchets? He did not ask any questions, as he thought Carl would only tell him to mind his own business. While his brother gave the blades a finishing touch, Norman crawled over to the back where they kept the emergency supplies. He checked over the food—powdered milk, biscuits, fruit juice, canned beans . . .

Although his stomach already felt slightly empty, he decided that it would be better to wait until they were really hungry.

Carl motioned for him to get out. Puzzled, Norman obeyed. An argument was the last thing he wanted.

Carl passed him the hatchets through the door. Norman wasn't sure, but he thought he saw a smile on Carl's face as he dangled one of the axes over his head. But then he was beside Norman, leading the way to the bushes between the plane and the lake.

Carl took a powerful swing and cut a thin tree with one stroke. Walking parallel to the lake, he took six long strides, and cut another tree.

"We're going to clear the slope between these two points," he said.

Norman stopped. "All the way down to the lake? Surely we don't need that much firewood."

"Who said anything about firewood. We're making a path."

"Twenty feet wide? Are . . . are you crazy?"

Then, as if prompted by a thunderbolt, Norman understood everything. A path for the plane, of course! May be they hadn't landed on the lake, but that didn't mean they couldn't take off from it. All they had to do was to get the plane down there somehow—a cinch in comparison with attempting to walk home on foot. Norman found it hard to believe that he had not thought of this himself. Freshly inspired, and with only one thought in mind, survival, the brothers worked feverishly into the evening.

For the tenth time Carl sat up and looked outside. Norman realized that his brother was as restless as he, and that neither of them had had any real sleep.

Before retiring, they had completed their task of clearing the slope, and had lowered the Stinson to the ground. Although it had been necessary to use a lantern and a flashlight during most of the time, and although they had



not finished until ten o'clock, both were happy to have accomplished what they had set out to do.

A can of beans and some tea had been their supper, but never had they appreciated a meal so much. They had decided to get some shut-eye, and, by arranging their parachute packs and kit bags on the seats, they had managed to make some sort of a bed. Except for their heavy wind-breakers, they had kept all their clothes on. But both of them had spent the night tossing around uncomfortably.

It was now six-thirty, and Norman could see that the day was going to be a beautiful one. Carl rolled over onto his back, and addressed his brother.

"Norman," he said, "I have something to get off my chest."

Norman jumped. From Carl, these were the last words he would have expected. But, lest he might spoil this new mood of his brother, Norman just waited expectantly.

Carl was silent for a moment and then continued.

"Do you remember the night of the dance last week?"

Norman nodded. "Do I ever! You spent all evening shut up in the office."

"Well, I had a purpose. That's what I want to tell you about now. I'll go straight to the point.

"When I looked over the books that day, I worked out what I thought was a foolproof way of embezzling the firm's money. So that's what I was doing during the dance. I've been very nervous since then, and always afraid to give myself away by talking. I guess you've noticed how anxious I've been to throw off anybody who wished to start a conversation. Yesterday morning, when I was at breakfast, I heard the foreman talking to a couple of the cutters. He was telling them that he had heard the boss say that something was wrong somewhere. May be it was just the machinery, or something, but I wasn't going to take any chances. I didn't know what I was going to do or how. All I wanted was to get away from there as soon as possible. So, you see, that 'phone call from Ottawa was really . . . ."

"Imaginary," concluded Norman.

"Yes, and I brought the two thousand dollars I had taken," said Carl, taking a white envelope from his inside pocket.

"But what makes you tell me all this, Carl?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's the same thing that made me turn back yesterday afternoon. I . . . well, it was my fault that this whole thing happened, and we wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for me. I'm sorry that your plane had to crash just because of me. If we ever get out of here I'll pay you for any damages I caused."

Norman said nothing, for the simple reason that he did not know what to say.

Carl got up and opened the door of the Stinson. A cool

breeze passed through the cabin. They put on their wind-breakers.

"Let's have a quick breakfast and get to work," suggested Carl.

The brothers drank some juice and ate a few biscuits. Carl reached under the seat to where they always kept long lengths of rope and handed a few coils to Norman. Then they both jumped outside.

Carl took a long piece of rope and tied one end to one of the skis and pulled the other part out in front of the plane. He told Norman to do the same on the other ski with another length of rope. When this had been done, he stretched both ropes out one on either side of the Stinson, towards the edges of the clearing. Finding two solid trees at the proper distance ahead of the plane he secured a rope round each. Throwing their weight against the taut ropes, the brothers jerked the plane forward inch by inch. Then the lines had to be set up taut again, and the process repeated. Sometimes the slope helped and they would gain a yard or so. Slowly but surely, by changing to other trees and by levering and by digging, they managed to get the plane down to the bank and onto the lake.

It was nine-thirty by now, and a wind had arisen. It was coming from the direction of the mountain at the far end of the lake, and they decided to use the gust as a head-wind for the take-off. That meant the plane had to clear the mountain, so they spent the next half hour ridding the craft of everything except the essentials. They threw out their kit bags, one seat, the food supply, the axes, and other items that might make the difference in weight.

When they were ready, Carl gave the prop a spin and Norman warmed up the engine. Carl jumped in and shut the door. He settled down on the floor where the seat had been, and gave his brother the old "thumbs up" signal.

Norman shot a last look at the woods, and opened the throttle wide. The Stinson advanced slowly, and picked up speed smoothly. They kept their eyes glued to the mountain ahead, realizing that this was their only chance. They had to make it!

Norman pulled back on the stick, and the plane rose. The lake whizzed by below as the Stinson gained altitude . . . . fifty feet . . . . seventy-five . . . . one hundred . . . .

Norman gasped. The plane was climbing, but not fast enough. He jerked the stick back in vain. The mountain loomed straight ahead!

"Carl!" he yelled. "We're going to crash! We're too heavy!"

Carl's face was expressionless. The mountain was less than two hundred feet away. Panic got hold of Norman. He bit his tongue wildly and closed his eyes, straining back on the stick. He was going through a thousand deaths.

His heart came to his throat as he was suddenly lurched

up. He opened his eyes. The plane was climbing! The mountain passed by underneath him, and the country before him was flat. He was still in a daze, and could not understand what had happened, but he let out a long sigh of relief.

He turned around to give Carl a smile of triumph. Carl was gone, and the wind from the open door flipped a bulky envelope across the cockpit floor towards Norman.

M. CHOQUETTE, (Form V A)

## NEW SOUND

The crowd cheers.  
 The leader first, and then the rest  
 Come on, each in his own way.  
 The crowd is hushed.  
 A note is struck and then they play,  
 Slow at first, for all is strange,  
 But faster yet.  
 A man stands,  
 And in his hands it shines so bright,  
 A reflection of the light,  
 A brassy sound without a meaning.  
 But something's there.  
 The crowd is leaning  
 As if to hear the blare  
 More clearly. The beat is fast  
 And from the strings vibrates a thump,  
 Not really heard but rather felt.  
 It makes the beat, it points the way,  
 So others playing will not stray.  
 A seated man, with sticks in hand,  
 Whose mind is in another land,  
 Beats those sticks on whitened skin,  
 And makes repeated tapping,  
 Or hollow rhythm in changing tune,  
 A background for the blare.  
 The tuneless sound enralls the crowd;  
 It comes from them so clear and loud.  
 More cheers.  
 Each separate sound now plays alone,  
 Different notes, discordant,  
 But in the tune there is a feeling,  
 Perhaps a soul,  
 A certain depth from the players,  
 A thing no disbeliever hears,  
 Or cannot capture in his heart,  
 The expression  
 From the men of which it's part.  
 Then suddenly they play together  
 The music marching as if it never  
 Stops.  
 The blare has gone, but comes  
 A rumbling booming, thundering roll  
 A clash.

P. DUFFIELD, (Form M VI)

## THE DARK GREW DAWN

The wail of a siren woke me up. I tossed around on my hard bed for a minute until I realized this was another air-raid. I got up and fumbled for my flashlight, but then remembered that there were supposed to be no lights on during an air-raid, so I groped around in the dark looking for my pants, which I found and pulled on over my pyjamas since there was not enough time left in which to take them off. Rolling up my few belongings in a blanket I ran out of the building and across a field, from where I could already see the phosphorous bombs coming down—Christmas trees as we called them, since the burning phosphorous looked just like Christmas tree lights. As I ran into the shelter I could see that I was one of the last ones to enter, for all the rest of the internees were already sitting on the long wooden benches on both sides of the shelter, eagerly clutching bundles of food and clothing.

Each person there had a look of hunger and depression on his face. I must have had it too but I did not feel it. I sat down on the bench next to an old gray-haired musician who always saved a place for me.

Dr. Schumacher, the musician, was a nice old fellow, and I could never understand why he was here in the internment camp—he wouldn't hurt a flea—but the Nazis must have had a reason. As I sat there I wondered what a funny mixed-up bunch we must be: a musician, a baker, a lawyer and God knows what else. I was pulled away from my thoughts by Dr. Schumacher who asked what I was thinking so hard about.

"Oh, nothing important," I replied, "but just what a queer bunch of people we must be, knocked up together from all walks of life."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, nodding his head. He did not have anything more to say for the present but I knew he would have something more to say than just "yes", because we usually entered into some philosophical discussion before an air-raid was over. So we just sat there in silence, listening to the distant droning of airplanes and the occasional burst of futile ack-ack. The silence was interrupted now and then by a cough, or by someone remarking that they were bombing this or that section of Tokyo.

The musician dug into his pocket and brought out a crumpled cigarette. "My last one", he said simply, and broke it in two, offering me half. I wouldn't accept it, but he insisted so I took it in order not to hurt his feelings. People become very touchy after several months of confinement.

After a few minutes of smoking in silence, he sat up and turned to me, and I knew the speech which I was expecting was about to come.

"We are a group of men," began Schumacher, combing back his white hair with his hands, "which is not big

enough to have a leader, but is small enough to live harmoniously together. As an example in music, a violin, trumpet, piccolo, and piano do not belong together, but they are able to play the same tune together without having a leader. We are similar, except that we are human beings, and not instruments that other people may handle as they please. I am, you are, we all are here," he said with a sweeping gesture of his hand, "because we rebelled against being used as instruments by a power-craving leader, and also because we had foresight and could see beyond the present into the future when peace would be again restored."

When he had finished I could tell that I was not the only one who had listened to the musician, but that all the other men had also listened, for I could barely make out their shadowy faces turned in Schumacher's direction, while he sat there, leaning against the wall, getting the last puffs out of the cigarette. The uneasy silence was suddenly broken by the clear shrilling of the all-clear siren. I grabbed my blanket roll and filed out of the damp shelter after the others.

Outside it was just getting light, and I could smell the faint odor which one smells after a big fire. The other men were slowly walking back to the barracks to finish their sleep, but I decided I could not sleep any more, since the sun would rise in an hour. I walked down to the edge of the hill, to the wire fence that separated us from liberty. Putting my bedroll on the ground I sat on it and stared blankly at the burning city below.

Smoke was billowing out of the city and the dim ringing of the fire engine bells could be heard above the crashing roar of falling timber—even though I was far away from the inferno. The heavens were a bright red from the reflection of the fire and the horizon to the east was slowly brightening. Soon the whole sky was one hellish expanse of red. A slight breeze sprang up and fanned the flames as they were blown from one house to another.

I heard some steps behind me and I turned around to see Dr. Schumacher. I pushed over on the bed roll and asked him to sit down and watch the spectacle with me.

"I couldn't sleep," he said, sitting down beside me, "so I decided to come out and look for you".

"I didn't even bother to try to sleep," I said. To change the subject I asked how his symphony was progressing.

"I laid it aside," he stated flatly. "This war is no inspiration to write music."

"But Beethoven wrote one of his greatest symphonies during the Napoleonic wars," I argued.

"Yes, that's true," stated the musician, "but Beethoven never felt the full impact of the war. He admired Napoleon but never came in direct contact with him, and was only influenced by the stories he heard which



he dramatically captured in his music." Dr. Schumacher paused and looked down into the burning city, and then spoke slowly, shaking his head: "No, there is nothing dramatic about this war—it's too much reality."

It was getting lighter, and the flames were dying out, but smoke was still pouring out of the buildings and was covering the whole district with a black blanket. We sat in silence for some time, each engulfed in his own thoughts. When I looked up I found the musician staring at me with his gray blue eyes, a half smile on his face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was wondering how you ever managed to get into this place." Then he continued all in the same breath, "You're not a Jew! You are a full blooded German!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I wrote a series of articles in the Nippon Times, which Herr Hitler and the S.S. here in Tokyo did not appreciate," I said with irony in my voice.

"May I congratulate you!" he said simply and changed the subject. "Miller was caught last night, sneaking into camp," he announced in a matter of fact voice.

"Yes, I answered," I heard about it yesterday. The police guards warned him that if it happened again they would put him into prison."

"Where did Miller go to?" asked Schumacher.

"Oh, I guess he went to his house to bring some food back here."

"The poor man, he has the worst luck," said the musician.

"Well, it's really his own fault; first he thought he was so smart so that nobody wanted to work with him before the war, and he was jobless most of the time before he came here. Now, here, in camp, he has embittered everybody through constantly arguing and showing off his knowledge, and he will never give in because of his pride. "I paused for a moment and then continued: "This only goes to show again that brains are not the only thing you must have to be a success in life."

The Musician sat there for a few minutes, then combing back his white hair with his fingers, stood up and stretched himself. "Well, the sun is quite high. It must be about seven o'clock. I guess I will go back to the barracks and get ready for breakfast." "Wait a minute," I said, "and I will join you." I got up and took my bed roll and walked slowly across the field back to the barracks with Dr. Schumacher. As I looked back at the city I

noticed that most of the fires had died out and that only a few buildings were still smouldering.

The next few weeks passed without much incident, except for a few minor air-raids and the usual propaganda leaflets dropped from American planes, warning the Japanese to give up or else be subjected to a powerful secret weapon. Towards the end of July more and more of these leaflets were dropped.

Then it happened. On August 6, 1945, there was a terrific explosion on the Island of Hiroshima, destroying practically the whole island. We heard about it on the camp radio and supposed that the end of the war was coming soon. Four days later a similar explosion completely destroyed the City of Nagasaki. I knew, and so did the others, that the end of us—or the end of the war—was coming soon, because the next target for the deadly bomb would probably be Tokyo.

On August 13th, the Emperor of Japan declared Armistice by delivering an address over the radio. That same day we were ordered into the Mess Hall and the police chief of the camp told us that we were free to leave at 3 p.m. When I heard that we were free to go at three o'clock I started to cry. I couldn't help it. After two years in a concentration camp, all of a sudden to be told you are free to go!

Back in the sleeping quarters Dr. Schumacher was packing his belongings as I walked in. We were the only two there, for the others were outside discussing the sudden Armistice and change of politics in Japan. I picked up my bundle, looked around at the big hall again, as though saying goodbye to it, and then, turning to the musician, shook his hand and wished him good luck. He held on to my hand for a moment and pressed a cigarette into it. I could feel a lump rising in my throat and I knew if I did not get out of there fast I would be crying again like a baby. I thanked the old gentleman kindly, then quickly made for the door without turning around. When I reached the gates they stood wide open with no guards in attendance. I felt strange, walking out of my past, without anybody to stop me. I walked down the hill, just stopping to light the cigarette, and then continued without looking back.

Where I was going I did not know, and did not care. I just wanted to get away and forget. I was moneyless, jobless, but full of hope. I had been living for the present, but now that had changed, and I was going to live for the future.

P. TIEDEMANN, (Form C VI)

The turtle is so very slow  
It seems to me he does not know  
That if he would take off his shell  
He'd run around as fast as—well,  
very fast indeed.

S. O., (IV A)

## THE FRIGHTENED HEIR

My name is Jim Atkinson. Last summer, my fishing camp located near Kempt on the Medway River, was the site of a rather irregular occurrence.

Earlier in the summer, when I received a letter from J. Kurtz of Kurtz Investment Corp., I nearly collapsed of surprise. J. K. was one of the richest men around at the time. Well, as it finally turned out, the old man had died the year before and it was his son who was coming. Now, he was one of those playboys and the sole heir to the Kurtz fortunes and for the life of me I couldn't figure out why he'd be parking himself in a godforsaken fishing camp like mine. Although it is in the vicinity of Kempt, there's no road within five or so miles of it. Well, I'm no one to argue with a millionaire so I fixed up my only guest room and sat around to wait.

About three days later, as I was sitting in front of my cabin, Jan Peterson, a young friend of mine from town, came paddling up the river. He was bringing my mail. In the canoe there was another man whom I didn't know. As they drew near my landing Jan yelled out.

"Hey, Jim," he called "I got a paying customer for you. Won't tell me his name."

The man stepped ashore. I took the mail, one letter, from Jan and returned to the cabin. My visitor was dressed in old clothes and was carrying a small valise. He looked almost like a tramp. After Jan had left he stepped up to me.

"Hello," I said. "Anything I can do for you?"

"My name is John Kurtz," he replied.

"John Kurtz?" I managed to stammer. I just couldn't imagine a millionaire ever dressing like this.

When I got over the shock of seeing my first millionaire I set about getting him settled. He had no equipment for fishing or hunting and hardly any clothes. That night, after supper, I brought up the matter of his plans.

"Mr. Kurtz," I said, "you have no equipment and very little clothing here with you. Would you mind telling me just what you plan to do here?"

"Yes!" he said, emphatically. "I would. I haven't paid you to ask questions. You got anything to drink around here?"

I got him a bottle of whiskey and then went to my room. Later I peeked out. He had his head down on the table. He was really plastered.

Suddenly he began to speak. "They tried to kill me," he sobbed. "They tried to kill me."

I started over towards him. At the sound of my footsteps he jumped up screaming and flung the bottle at me.

"You!" he screamed. "It was you."

Finally I got him quieted down and put him in bed. I was beginning to suspect that everything wasn't exactly on the level as I climbed into bed.

Kurtz had a splitting headache the next day. Convinced he was dying, he refused to get up, and had all his meals in bed.

It took me three days to persuade Kurtz to try fishing. Even then it was against his will. His style of fishing was pathetic and he caught only three logs all afternoon. I must admit, though, he was an excellent canoeist and I doubt if it was new to him.

Later in the afternoon he rather surprised me. "Any rapids around here?" he suddenly asked.

"Sure," I replied, "about six or seven miles upstream. Would you like to see them sometime?"

"Have you ever tried to run them?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "once".

"Did you make it?" he asked, eagerly.

"No!" I said. "There is a falls below the rapids, about six feet high. The canoe tipped as I shot it." I laughed, remembering my dunking.

"Let's try it," he said.

"W-what?" I said, when I had sufficiently regained my voice. "Certainly not!"

He reached in his pocket and withdrew his wallet. Out of it he took two clean bills and laid them on the table. I looked at them. They were hundred dollar bills.

"Still 'no'?" he asked.

"All right," I agreed, grudgingly, "I'll get a bowsman in town to-night."

"No!" he said. "I'll be the bowsman."

"Well," I answered, doubtfully, "I'll have to go into town to-night, anyway. We'll be needing some tar for the canoe. She may be all right for these soft fishing trips, but not for anything rough."

We fished until lunch and the more I thought of those rapids the more insane the idea seemed. However, the thought of that bonus dispelled all my doubts. When Kurtz heard that I would not return that night, he seemed disturbed, but he said nothing.

Upon arriving in town, I went straight to the village store and bought the tar. As I was leaving Jan Peterson accosted me.

"How come you're in town to-day?" he asked.

"Getting some tar for the canoe," I replied. "My guest and I are running the rapids. He's . . ."

"You're crazy, Jim!" Jan broke in.

"I know," I said, glumly, "but you know how I need cash and this guy is laying two hundred on the line for . . ."

At that moment there was a tremendous crash as a pile of tins tumbled over. The two men who had been leaning on them jumped back with an oath. Then, quickly they walked out of the store.

"Hey!" yelled the keeper.

"It's all right, Joe," I said. "We'll help you pick them up."

"Thanks, Jim," he replied. "Those two guys from the States are mighty mean. Just like those gangsters you hear about!"

The next morning as I was leaving, Jan came running up.

"Jim, I'll be free to-morrow. I'll paddle up to check for trouble. Oh, by the way those two guys at the store last night were inquiring about your guest."

When I arrived at camp the cabin door was locked. Kurtz's face, pallid with fear, appeared at a window. Then, with a look of relief, he opened the door to admit me. I decided not to mention the two men.

The next morning Kurtz and I headed up stream to the rapids. We paddled up to the falls at the foot of the rapids, then portaged around them. Kurtz would not let me stop until we had reached the head of the rapids and quiet water. Despite the coolness Kurtz was wearing shorts. The mosquitoes constantly bothered him on the portage and he swore continually at them.

Finally we clambered into the canoe and shoved off. Kurtz remained calm, showing no sign of nervousness.

We hit the first wave of the rapids going at a good clip. The canoe slashed through the backwash. She bounced around like a cork. Kurtz did a steady job in the bow, and my nervousness was disappearing fast. Then, suddenly, it came back with a rush. Kurtz made a lunging movement to fend off and the canoe nearly tipped over. As I fought to steady her the rock scraped past the side. I broke out into a cold sweat. I suppose Kurtz felt the same way but I never got around to asking him.

By now the canoe was rushing along with the surging water.

Kurtz seemed less confident after our close escape and his strokes weren't as sure. We had progressed about but half way down the rapids by now and the five minutes we had taken seemed like years. It was no place for a man to lose confidence. Desperately I tried to cheer him up.

"Kurtz," I yelled, "how are you doing?"

His answer, if any, was lost in the deafening roar. I decided not to press the point.

I breathed a sigh of relief as we passed through the last stretch of rapids into the short half-mile of open water before the falls.

Kurtz turned, his face wreathed in a triumphant smile. "We did it!" he cried.

The noise of the roaring water drowned out his voice but I could understand his sentiment from the look on his face. I nodded my acknowledgement and he turned back to his task.

As he did so a section of the gunwale of the canoe just behind him shattered into splinters.

It took me a moment to realize what had happened, and when I did, I could not believe it. Frantically I glanced along the shore.

Kurtz, hearing the noise, had turned, and now unaware of our predicament, sat staring inquisitively at the broken side of the canoe. By now I was sure, someone was firing at us from shore. Instinctively I acted. Grabbing the gunwales, I overturned the canoe. Kurtz, unprepared for his dunking, came up sputtering and swore bitterly.

"You dirty rat," he swore. "Trying to drown me."

I swam towards him and he fought insanely. Finally I managed to subdue him and swim ashore. I lay on the edge of the river, panting. Suddenly I heard a loud report from a rifle. Moments later a figure broke out of the bush at the edge of the river. He glanced up and down the river. I smuggled up against the bank in an effort to conceal myself. As he approached I suddenly recognized him.

"Jan," I called out. "Over here."

He looked about; then, seeing me, he rushed over.

"I flushed those two birds out of the bushes," he said. "Same two who we saw in the store. The Mounties will nail 'em before they get far in this country."

Just then Kurtz stirred.

"Where am I?" he moaned. "In heaven?"

"Nope," I laughed, "you're still on good old earth. And if my guess is correct you're here to stay for a while."

M. BELL, (Form IV A)

## DEATH

Heaven is there, but where?  
A golden city with pearly gates,  
With angels, saints and all that's holy,  
A city in the sky, but where?  
Far away by other stars or  
In another time, a different life,  
Reached by the soul, and not the flesh,  
Transported by His Will?  
Do we come from there and then return,  
Or travel onward from life to life

Getting better, till good enough  
To be with Him?  
We believe there is a place, but where?  
If one is bad one goes below  
To suffer torment always?  
Or does one go to whence he came  
To live again and profit from his wrong?  
Man strives to know; did He intend  
That man should learn the answer?  
There is a place, but where?

P. DUFFIELD, (Form M VI)



## ON GETTING LEAVE

Cadet Corps happens every Saturday morning, rain or shine. Although nobody disagrees that Cadet Corps is good for developing oneself, physically and mentally, there are not many normal human beings at this School who can honestly say they like it, but these people are simply those who don't fully understand the better qualities of the tradition. I don't myself.

Fortunately, there are two, or possibly three ways to obtain leave. One, is to have a father or mother, or near relative, die on Wednesday, so that you may be excused for the funeral on Saturday. The chances are, however, that the time for the funeral will be altered. Then too, it must be realized that the average cadet usually has, at the most, two parents, and there are about eight Saturdays in a term.

Of course, another excellent way to be excused from Cadet Corps, is to die yourself. Although quite effective, this method can only be used once.

No, there are no two ways about it. A small white slip of paper must be obtained from the infirmary. This is no easy feat, and may require hours of planning, even for the most intelligent. An almost foolproof method of going about this is to break a leg. This, however, is not done very easily, and is rather painful. The safest thing to do is to sprain an ankle. To sprain an ankle requires a certain amount of skill. It takes some time, but largely a great deal of imagination. The two factors, imagination and a good knowledge of dramatics combined, provide a fifty-fifty chance of getting that little white slip.

Saturday morning, immediately after the first tutorial, I suddenly sprained my ankle. I can't quite say what I tripped on, or on what my ankle twisted, but all of a sudden, the ankle began to hurt.

Hobbling towards the infirmary, I decided that the pain was coming from my left ankle. Taking the most conspicuous route, I limped to the door. As I reached for the

cold brass handle, I suddenly remembered something. Although I hadn't realized it at the time, it now dawned on me that I had twisted the ankle on the edge of the stairs. As I rapidly recalled the fateful scene, my hand squeezed the large handle, and the door grated open. Walking slowly, exercising great care not to hurt the foot, I gained the Dispensary Room.

Supporting myself by the wall, I came out with, "Nurse, I think my foot is broken!"

"Nonsense," she retorted, nibbling the end of that pencil which weighed my fate. "Nonsense, Scott; let me see it."

Painstakingly, I removed the loafer and clean sock. The offending limb hung limply in the nurse's hands. Her slender fingers poked and probed, and pained me no end.

"Does it hurt here, and here?" she asked. I answered "yes" to those places, and a string of others. It suddenly occurred to me that a freshly sprained foot couldn't hurt in all places, so I began to localize the pain. This was my undoing. At the end of the examination, the nurse came out with, "Doesn't seem to be anything wrong with that, Scott. May be your arches are slipping a little—you shouldn't wear loafers, as Mr. Glass said." I realized my case was hopeless.

"But Cadet Corps—" I started to stammer.

"Oh yes, Cadet Corps," she purred. "Cadet Corps will be good for that foot. Those boots, you know, have very good support."

Muttering wrathful imprecations, I stumbled out, forgetting which foot was sprained, and too disgusted to care.

Halfway back to the School, I heard an appalling command. "Company—on Para-a-ade!" I was late, and that was good for at least two hours' extra drill.

D. SCOTT, (Form IV A)

## THE WRECK OF THE MALLET

He came out of the despatcher's office and started across the yards. It was a misty evening, but he could hear the clanking and wheezing of the switchers as they went about their work in the dwindling light.

Crossing over to the round house where he was to pick up his articulated for his heavy freight haul he passed by two now obsolete "Camel Backs" which were waiting to be scrapped. He looked up at them remembering the days when he used to roast in the summer and freeze in the winter stoking them.

After crossing the turntable he climbed into the cab of his engine and found Bud, his stoker, had got everything ready, so he sat down, pulled out the reverse lever and opened the throttle. The brakes squealed a bit as they unlocked, but once they got into the yard the old engine began to work in a sort of rhythm familiar to any trainman.

The Mallet was then backed into its 'consist' and while all was being readied, Bud got up a good head of

steam so that there would be enough power for the sixteen drivers to pull the load.

A Mallet or an articulated, as it is properly called, can have from sixteen to twenty-four main drivers. In the case of the "Matt H. Shay" a huge engine, the tender was even powered by eight drivers while the engine had sixteen.

He had been driving them for years and loved every square inch of them. He could tell if they were acting properly and if they were not he knew right off what was wrong.

They started up the grade at a fair clip so when they had reached the top they were doing a good forty. They began to gather speed on the way down so he now closed the throttle slowly as he had been over this run many times before, and he knew that the seven mile straight way could be quite dangerous near the bottom. He knew where to start to apply the brakes for the sharp curve at the bottom, but he had well over six miles yet. He felt

something was wrong, though, so he tried the brakes. They held but when he let them go he heard a snap, then a rushing of compressed air.

He shouted to Bub to climb back to the caboose in a hurry to tell the crew to jump when they had a chance. Bud knew what had happened so he started back.

They had now hit the five mile part of the straight-away and were rapidly gaining speed. He tried the brakes again, but they wouldn't work so he closed the throttle, opened the reverse, and pulled back the throttle again. The wheels sent up a cloud of fire and steam as they stopped, then reversed. He knew that the rest must be off the train so he leaned over, smiling, grabbed for the whistle cord and held on to it.

The engine left the rails at the curve and the boiler exploded. They found the engineer later, still holding onto the throttle, smiling, if that was the way he had hoped to die.

J. CAMERON, (Form C VI I)

## THE FIGHT ON THE CLIFF

*NOTE:—The following is one of the chapters written in the course of a composition project in Form IV A. Each member of the Form contributed one chapter to an adventure story set in the days of Champlain.*

Slowly, Roger climbed up the steep, treacherous rocks till he and the men reached the top. Fortunately, in their haste to escape their pursuers, they had not abandoned their weapons. However, each of the three men had to carry at least two arquebuses, a pistol, and a fair amount of powder and shot up the hill with him. Now they were there and they awaited the early hours of the morning with terror and frightful tension and anticipation.

"Mon Dieu! We are lost, Roger! We cannot even hope to ward off their attack, for we are tired and only three men, and they are fresh and have nearly fifty braves."

With a sign of despair, Roger sat on a nearby rock and thought for a few minutes. Suddenly, an air of new hope and anxiety filled his face, for he believed he had thought up a way to escape the cruel vengeance of the Indians.

"Pierre, Jean, listen to me! This is our only chance, so you must listen carefully! No doubt the Indians will attempt to surround the cliff if possible and hem us in. So, the best thing we can do is to get away before they attack. Agreed?"

"Mais oui, but how can we get away? Their sentries block the front of the cliff!"

"Then we must go to the rocks by the river and work our way to where they hide their canoes. Before we do this, we must make it seem as though we are still on top of the cliff awaiting their attack! Now, quickly, make it seem that we are here and take a pistol and powder and shot! Then we shall be on our way!"

Quickly, the three men dropped the arquebuses on the ground near the edge of the cliff, with their barrels just hanging over. Pierre gathered firewood and lit a large fire, that was sure to last three hours at least.

Then, with pistols and powder tucked under their belts, the men made their way down the side of the cliff. Into the inky black darkness they went, and it seemed that everywhere a group of silent men watched them move ever closer, closer, to the rocks.

"Quiet now, boys! Mind your step, and keep your eyes open and your pistols ready!"

"Aye, aye, sir! We shall!" With those words, they reached the beginning of the rock pile. Suddenly, Roger's hand thrust up as a signal of danger and the men halted in their tracks, not a muscle moved, and the blood of the men froze like ice. For not more than five yards ahead

two Indians, armed to the teeth, sat talking, completely unaware of the sailors' presence.

Roger beckoned Pierre to him with his hand and told him to get the first guard quickly and quietly. The Indians were sitting on a rock and there was a space of five feet between the two parties. Roger and Pierre slowly inched their way forward, till at last they were right behind the large rock the Indians were lying on. Quickly, without any warning, two sinewy hands grabbed out and cupped over the redskins' mouths. At the same time, the two braves were dealt vicious, quick blows from the barrel of the pistol and they slumped dead on the ground.

"Come, Jean! It is all over!" Again, they started over rocks and under rocks until they finally reached a spot on the shore where they could see the entire camp all lighted up and in a gay mood over their good fortune in overwhelming the crew of the ships. All over the camp, Roger could see braves in warpaint doing wild, colourful dances by fires and other braves thumping wildly on war drums. Truly, the Indians were not suspecting the events that were really happening that night. Quickly, Roger beckoned the men forward and they crouched low and inched their way toward the camp in search for the hiding place of the canoes.

The rocks were now behind them and they were on

the beach, the darkness all about them and closing them in. Up ahead, they could see the camp, which was now not more than fifteen yards ahead. Cautiously, they inched ahead to the centre of beach, pausing every few minutes to look about them and get their bearing. Every second lasted an eternity on the flat beach, with the water sometimes going right over their legs and always a great fear of what was ahead. But they kept on and soon reached a clump of trees to the left of the camp.

Roger looked up and saw a light on the cliff, which he soon recognized to be the campfire. Roger stopped, for ahead he saw an object which looked familiar.

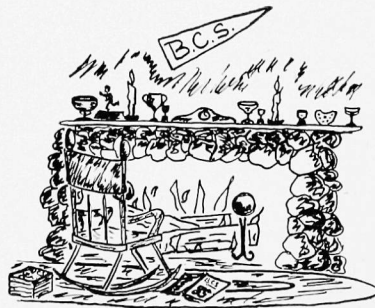
"The canoes! They are here! Come on!"

With a bound, they leapt through the space and bounded into the canoe. However, they had been heard and no sooner had they got out into the water when a dozen braves came running through the trees shouting and screaming.

"Keep going! Keep going! I will ward them off till we get out of range."

Roger aimed the pistol and fired and a brave fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot, and all was panic and confusion among the Indians. Yet, there was little they could do for Roger, Pierre and Jean were out of range and safely headed up river away from the vengeful Indians.

A. WAIT, (Form IV A)





# THE PREP

## EDITORIAL

Now that many of us are coming to the end of our stay in the Prep we begin to wonder what B.C.S. can do and is doing for us.

In every way our lives at B.C.S. are training us for what lies ahead. The way in which everything is organized is a reminder that we must learn to organize for ourselves, in later life.

Discipline in school will lead to self discipline. The rules which we follow in the Prep are not always intended to be nuisances, but usually have good, solid reasons behind them, mostly for our safety and convenience.

In our studies we are offered certain advantages. Each master teaches only one or two subjects, and in small classes, such as we have, can give more attention to each

of us. The organized Prep period every evening makes sure we get our homework done.

In sports there are organized creases and in the Prep school special emphasis is placed on teamwork and sportsmanship. The three major Prep sports are soccer, hockey, and cricket, while football, skiing, and track are also played.

Essentially, the Prep prepares us for the Upper School. For myself, I am in my last year in the Prep and can truthfully say I enjoyed it here.

For our part, we can gain much from our lives at school by giving something in return. We can do this by trying to do our best in our work, and by being sports, in the true meaning of the word, in our games.

NORMAN WEBSTER

## NEW MASTERS AND BOYS

This year we were very glad to welcome two new Masters. Mr. Hudson and Mr. G. Wilson. We were also glad to welcome 24 new boys, namely:

D. Boswell, Montreal; J. Collyer, Montreal; P. Cumyn, Montreal; C. Hart, Montreal; A. Kyrtsis, Montreal; J. Meakins, Montreal; C. Mejia, Montreal; S. Owen, Winnipeg; B. Paintin, Sweetsburg; D. Rowat, Montreal;

P. Sill, Cuba; A. Valdmanis II, Montreal; M. Ayre, Newfoundland; D. Baillie II, Montreal; B. Church, Montreal; G. Gay, Montreal; S. Setlakwe, Thetford Mines; D. Tomlinson II, Cornwall; A. Christensen, Montreal; J. Fox, Riviere du Loup; M. Harris, Montreal; M. Yuile II, Beaconsfield; B. Macdonald, Granby; I. Rankin, Drummondville.

## MR. MALCOLM EVANS

All members of the Prep: will be sorry to learn that we will be without the services of Mr. Malcolm Evans next year as he leaves us to take further university work. "Red" Evans is an old boy of B.C.S. where he was a Head Boy and Choir Prefect. He joined the Prep: staff, first as a Duty Master and then, for two years, was a full time member of the teaching staff.

Utterly reliable in his duties, tireless in his coaching of games, it is hard to think of the Prep: without him. The boys will particularly miss him for his endless thought for them on bad weather days with his organised games in the woods, in the gym, or on the Prep: rink.

He will be greatly missed and we all, staff and boys, wish him all success at Queen's, God speed and quick return.

## JOHN C. FARTHING

The School heard with deep regret of the death this winter of John Farthing, a master in the Prep from 1942 to 1949. His kindness, patience and sincerity had a pro-

found effect on many boys during his time here, and on very many people in the course of a life in which he made his mark as a scholar, an athlete, a soldier, and a teacher.

## NOTES

### LIBRARY

This year has been quite a successful one in the Library. Last summer it was redecorated and painted, and now looks very attractive. It is constantly used by the boys, and there are many current magazines to read. We have been fortunate in having many new volumes to add to our shelves by the kindness and generosity of the following people: Mrs. Pillow, Col. and Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie, M. C. Tinker, A. P. F. Cumyn, D. Rowat, A. Kyrtsis, S. Owen and C. Mejia.

### THE HUTS

There was so much interest in building the huts in the woods that the project for building the Prep, hut has had to be postponed. The foundations are there, however, and many logs have been cut by Col. Brine and Mr. Evans. The winter has not seen much damage to the huts, although now that we have started spring cleaning a couple of huts have been pulled down. We have also had little wars quite frequently. We now hope to see some new and improved buildings and also to be able to finish the Prep hut.

### STAMP CLUB

As president of the Stamp Club I have pleasure in contributing this article about it. The club was formed this year halfway through the Michaelmas Term, by Mr. Wilson, and has proved very popular. Every Sunday after letter writing we meet in the art room where we trade stamps, work on our collections, or talk generally about stamps and their value. Quite often during the week two or three boys will get together for a trading session. We are all trying to build attractive collections and at every mail time there is a rush for new stamps to the boys who

have received letters from foreign countries. In the second term one of the boys found that he had two stamps from a Spanish set which together were worth \$130. This caused a sensation. One of the stamps caught everyone's eye as it had an inverted center. Some of the boys have very good collections. A number of the younger boys have joined the club, and have begun to collect stamps for the first time. It is a hobby which we find to be most interesting and enjoyable.

A. P. F. CUMYN

### CAMERA CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Camera Club has been quite active this year under the supervision of Mr. Hudson. Many of the boys in Form II and Remove have participated in it. Some new equipment was purchased, and we have all enjoyed very much taking our pictures, and the developing and printing them. At present we are having a Photographic Competition.

G. GAY

### READING COMPETITION

Once more Dr. Raymond kindly consented to come down to the School to judge the finals of the Reading Competition. The standard of speaking pleased him very much, and all the Prep. listened to the readings. Dr. Raymond selected Webster as the winner, with Howard and Henderson in second and third places.

### MOVIES

During this Michaelmas and Lent Terms we have seen a very good selection of movies, usually on Saturday nights in the Gym with the Upper School, and sometimes we have had our own private showings in the Prep. These were distributed by the J. Arthur Rank Organization. In addition Col. Brine has been able to get some interesting films from the Quebec Education Department. We saw some very funny films, such as "The Lavendar Hill Mob" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets", both starring

Alec Guinness. We also saw some very exciting movies, such as "The Cruel Sea", "High Treason" and "Fast Vengeance", the last being a film about the Mounties. Other films included Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and Lawrence Olivier in "Henry V" and "Hamlet". Short features were shown with these films, and there were usually cartoons as well. We owe our thanks to members of the Staff for obtaining and showing these.



FIRST SOCCER XI

*Back Row:* COL. BRINE, P. WEBB, R. PAINTIN, MR. EVANS, A. VALDMANIS, D. ROWAT, MR. HUDSON.  
*Front Row:* E. SMITH, A. KYRTSIS, N. WEBSTER, R. SMITH, (Captain), P. GILLESPIE, J. MEAKINS, M. AYRE.

## SPORTS

B. C. S. Prep. sporting activities have been varied and enjoyable this year. We look back on one term of Soccer and one of Hockey, while a most successful Boxing competition was held just before the end of the Lent Term.

During the Gym periods, in the Lent Term for the whole Prep together, Captain Abbot gave instructions in Boxing. Many boys had never boxed before but after the term was over there was a great improvement evident.

In the tournament Jimmy Clarke won the Mosquito-weight, Eric Smith the Fly-weight, Norman Webster the Light-weight, Tony Jessop the Middle-weight and Miller Ayre the Heavy-weight.

At the time of writing this report we are looking forward to a short season of cricket, and we have already started some practice out of doors. However, the weather has not yet been very kind.

DAVID BASSETT

## SOCCER

The year was a very successful one for Soccer. The first game was played at home against Stanstead, and we started the season well with a 3-1 victory. On October 17 the visiting Selwyn House Eleven were defeated 4-0. The best game of the year was played against the girls at Compton, in which B.C.S. Prep. won 4-3. After the game the Prep. team went for a swim in the pool at Compton. The next game against Selwyn House was played in Montreal, which resulted in a 1-0 win for the Prep. after a close game. The game played away against Stanstead was lost 1-0. On account of the weather, the Under 12 match against L. C. C. at Montreal turned into a basket-

ball game. In the Dormitory League "D" Dorm. were the winners. Altogether the season was very successful and on the whole the weather conditions for playing were ideal.

**FIRST TEAM:** Smith III (Captain; Webster (Vice-Capt.); Ayre, Bassett, Gillespie, Meakins, Smith IV; Cumyn, Paintin, Rowat, Valdmanis, Webb.

The following boys were awarded Full Colours: Smith III, Webster, Ayre, Bassett, Gillespie, Meakins, Smith IV.

The following were awarded Half Colours: Cumyn, Paintin, Rowat, Valdmanis, Webb.





SENECAS BANTAM LEAGUE

*Back Row:* J. COLLYER, C. MEJIA, P. WEBB, C. TINKER, MR. EVANS, C. HART, P. CUMYN, D. BOSWELL, D. ROWAT.  
*Front Row:* R. PAINTIN, A. VALDMANIS, D. BASSETT, R. SMITH, N. WEBSTER, (Captain), J. MEAKINS, A. JESSOP, P. GILLESPIE.

## HOCKEY

There were three Hockey teams in the Prep. this year. The "Senecas" entered the Bantam League, and gained valuable experience in playing older and bigger boys. Coached by Mr. Evans, they showed a very good spirit and played well. Both games against Selwyn House were close and hard fought. In the home match, the first period ended even, with one goal each. Selwyn House went ahead in the second period to lead 3-1, and the Senecas fought hard in the final period, but could only score once. In playing away, at the Verdun Auditorium, B. C. S. lost to Selwyn House 3-1.

SENECAS: Webster (Capt.), Smith III (Vice-Capt.), Valdmanis, Meakins, Bassett, Jessop, Gillespie, Collyer, Paintin, Rowat, Cumyn, Boswell, Hart, Mejia, Webb.

Full Colours were awarded to Webster, Smith III, Valdmanis, Meakins, Bassett, Jessop and Gillespie, and Half Colours to Collyer, Paintin, Rowat, Cumyn, Boswell, Hart, Mejia, and Webb.

In the Pee Wee League the Iroquois, coached by Col. Brine, passed into the semi finals to play St. Pat's at the Sherbrooke Arena. The first game resulted in a close victory for St. Pat's 1-0. In the Second game, which the whole Prep. watched, the Iroquois registered a convincing win 7-3, with Howard scoring 4 goals and Ayre 3. Playing Beebe in the finals, the Iroquois lost 3-2 after a close game. The second Pee Wee team, the Micmacs, coached by Mr. Wilson, played hard in the first round of the League, and although they were not successful, they showed that they could lose with good spirit.

IROQUOIS: Smith IV (Captain), Ayre (Vice-Captain), Howard, Kilgour, Baillie, Yuile I, Carroll, Thompson, Jamieson, Fox, Gay.

MICMACS: Morgan (Captain), Clarke (Vice-Captain), Watson, Setlakwe, Tomlinson, Christensen, Yuile II, Brown II, Prescott, Patriquin, Rankin, Henderson.

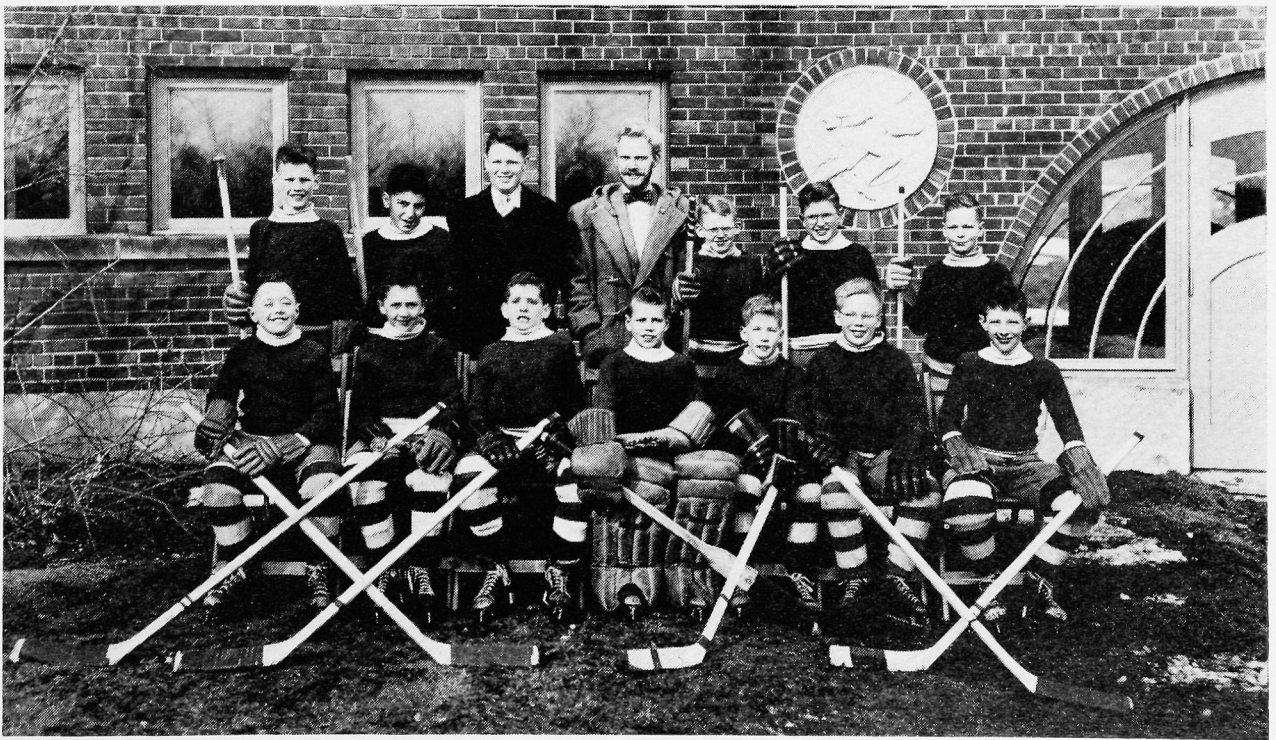
The following Pee Wee Colours were awarded: Smith IV, Ayre, Howard, Kilgour, Baillie, Yuile I, Carroll, Thompson, Jamieson, Fox, Morgan, Clarke, Watson.



IROQUOIS PEE WEE LEAGUE

*Back Row:* D. BAILLIE, P. SILL, COL. BRINE, G. GAY, J. CARROLL, M. AYRE.

*Front Row:* R. THOMPSON, K. JAMIESON, J. FOX, B. YUILE, E. SMITH, (Captain), C. HOWARD, J. KILGOUR.



MICMACS PEE WEE LEAGUE

*Back Row:* W. WATSON, S. SETLAKWE, S. OWEN, MR. WILSON, P. MORGAN, (Captain), D. TOMLINSON, A. CHRISTENSEN.

*Front Row:* M. YUILE, M. HARRIS, H. PRESCOTT, J. CLARKE, I. RANKIN, D. PATRIQUIN, F. BROWN.



## LITERARY SECTION

### A PAINSTAKING DISCOVERY

He had finished putting the "Kaserate serum" over the white-hot flame when the mercury was ready. He then put the two tubes in their holders to cool off. Sir Tracy, a very weak old scientist, was trying to invent a serum that could make people's hearts beat longer. He had tried before on mice, but the serum had been too weak and was not successful. It had only put the mice into a deep coma. He was now trying to improve the serum.

Now Sir Tracey had the chance to make himself famous. He did the last few steps, and knew that if the serum turned green it would be a success. He put in the two "sulfurate" tablets and to his great joy it turned a bright green. Quickly he put the serum into a hypodermic and then placed it in a safe. Just as he was shutting the safe, a gun came around the corner, and behind the gun there was a burly man. The discoverer tried to push him off,

but he was too weak, and suddenly got a heart attack. He fell to the ground and asked for the serum. He told the robber where it was. The robber said, "Thanks!" and gave Sir Tracey two shots in the heart, but with his gun and not with the needle! The robber then gave himself two shots in the arm with the needle and escaped easily.

After a time he was found out, and was chased into the jungle near Bombay in India. He was chased into a quicksand swamp, and sank slowly until he was out of sight, and he lived for ever and ever under the surface of the earth, imprisoned in the quicksand.

As for the scientist, a friend came strolling in and found him almost dead. He gave him a shot with the needle and Sir Tracy quickly sat up and told the story. He has now become quite famous throughout the world.

ROY THOMPSON

### AN UNLUCKY MORNING

It was early one foggy morning when we came home from fishing. We had been out all night and part of the past day. We were fishing off the Grand Banks and we were approaching the harbour of Sydney, Nova Scotia. It was very foggy so we weren't going very fast. The nets had been left dangling over the side during the night, and now we pulled them in. The sail was still up, although we didn't need it, because we were in a gloomy fog. The old motor was running peacefully so we had nothing to worry about. I was just putting the nets down the hatch when a dark shape suddenly loomed up in front of us. There was a splintering crash and the next thing we all

knew was that we were swimming about in a pile of wreckage. There had been three of us in the boat, and we were all close by hanging on to bits of wreckage. We looked back and saw a very large freighter. The sailors on board, hearing a crash, had stopped the ship and sent out a small boat to rescue us. We all climbed aboard and were taken to the ship. We were all most grateful to them for rescuing us. We climbed up the long rope ladder to the deck of the ship. We had to go back, so we were let off at St. John's, Newfoundland. We took another ship home, and now all we have to worry about is to pay for the boat.

DAVID ROWAT

### STAMP COLLECTING

I started collecting stamps when I was seven years old. It was my birthday and I was given a stamp book. I started to take stamps, that were not torn, off the envelopes that my parents received in the mail. I gradually got more stamps in this way and for my eighth birthday my father gave me some more. As I grew older I received more stamps from different countries and was given a better and bigger book to keep them in. At first I got a second hand catalogue from my aunt and I got some ad-

hesive hinges from my father. When I got to Grade Five we started to study history. That is when my stamps became useful. When I was twelve years old I joined a stamp club. At that time I started to specialize in the British Commonwealth. Now I have got three loose-leaf books for my collection and other books and an up-to-date catalogue on stamps, and not only have I got many stamps at the club, but I have made many friends. I find stamp collection a very interesting and useful hobby.

JOHN COLLYER



## MR. WHITEWAY AND THE ROBBER

Mr Whiteway the jeweller was closing his store at six o'clock.

The day had been long but he was still careful and put his gun in his case with his papers and key.

This night was not dark so he decided to take the road that led by Mr. Hart's large stone wall.

He went out through his small gate that led to his store and started on his way. He didn't see a big man step out from a store a little way up the street. He walked along for about one mile. The man was still following him. He still didn't see the man but within a very short time the

man caught up with him. Then, when Mr. Whiteway was beside the stone wall the robber caught him by the shoulder and turned him around. The robber then asked for the key of his store. Mr. Whiteway reached inside his case but instead of the key he brought out his gun. The robber seeing the gun dropped the club and put his hands up.

Mr. Whiteway saw a police car going by so he called to the men inside and they took the robber to jail.

From then on Mr. Whiteway always looked to see if anyone was following him when he left his store.

M. AYRE

## THE DEFENCE OF FORT HENRY

The famous Indian fighter, Buck Matlin, was out scouting the Sioux camp near Fort Henry when he noticed a big commotion. Coming closer he saw that the braves were readying their horses and donning their war paint, making new bows, arrows, and spears, and making other obvious preparation for war.

"Looks as though they're preparin' for a battle an it's probably against us," muttered Buck under his breath. "I'd better get back t' the fort."

Silently he crept his way past a scout and, when he was out of earshot, mounted his pony and rode it hard all the way back to the fort. When the fort's commander, Colonel Davis, heard Buck's report, he quickly opened the door and shouted, "Bugler, sound battle stations!"

When the bugle's shrill notes rang out, men came running out of their quarters from all directions, snatching up rifles, pistols, and ammunition as they came. In the space of a minute the men were at their positions on the ramparts of the fort. They were then instructed to keep their heads down so they could not be seen over the palisade and everything would appear to be normal.

They did not have to wait very long before the Indians attacked! Thinking to take the fort by surprise, they themselves were surprised to find the fort's soldiers ready and expecting them.

During the wild and furious battle that followed,

Matlin seemed to be everywhere, helping to carry the wounded away, moving dead mens' bodies, giving encouragement to the soldiers, and helping to beat off the repeated attacks of the determined Sioux.

When the evening came there was only a handful of soldiers left, Colonel Davis was wounded and their ammunition was low. "I'd better ride to Fort Laramie for help," said Buck grimly. "I'll start now."

As they watched him silently lead his horse through the gate they wondered if Buck would ever get to Fort Laramie. At night, with Indians to get past and then fifty miles to the fort on horse-back it would not be easy. If he did get help, would they, the defenders, be able to hold out until he got back?

The next morning, the men prepared for a last-ditch defence of the fort. During the fighting the men kept casting anxious glances toward the west, where their aid would come from. With their ammunition almost spent the men got ready for another attack.

Then, over a hill, rode the rescue troops from Fort Laramie! The cavalry charged at the gallop and sent the Sioux into full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the battlefield.

Buck had gotten through and the troops he brought back completely beat the Indians.

Thanks to Buck Matlin, Fort Henry had been saved!

NORMAN WEBSTER

## OUR BUDGIES

If one walked past a certain house in Montreal one would hear a lot of loud chirping from the second floor window. It would be our budgies.

We have five of them; three are mine and two are my sisters. My three are all tame but one of my sister's is wild.

It all started when in the spring of 1952 I bought a beautiful sky blue cock whom I named Butch. He was very tame and used to chatter and scold very much. He was the best singer we ever had. Then my sister bought a pale blue hen to mate with Butch. This we planned to do in a year's time. She was named Susy. Then we both

bought a green bird, my sister buying a female, and I a male. My sister's bird was named Borage and mine was named Basil. Then in the summer of 1953 a very sad thing happened. My bird Butch, who had just sired a cobalt-blue hen, was killed by a slamming door. This offspring was named Junior. Since Butch was my bird Junior was given to me. Junior was one of four eggs but the other three did not hatch.

Then we discovered that Borage was a male instead of a female so my sister traded him in for a sky-blue hen and at the same time I bought a sky blue cock. My sister's bird was named Sally and mine was named Ducky.


So now my sister owns Susy and Sally, and I own Basil, Junior and Ducky. My sister owns the females and I the males.

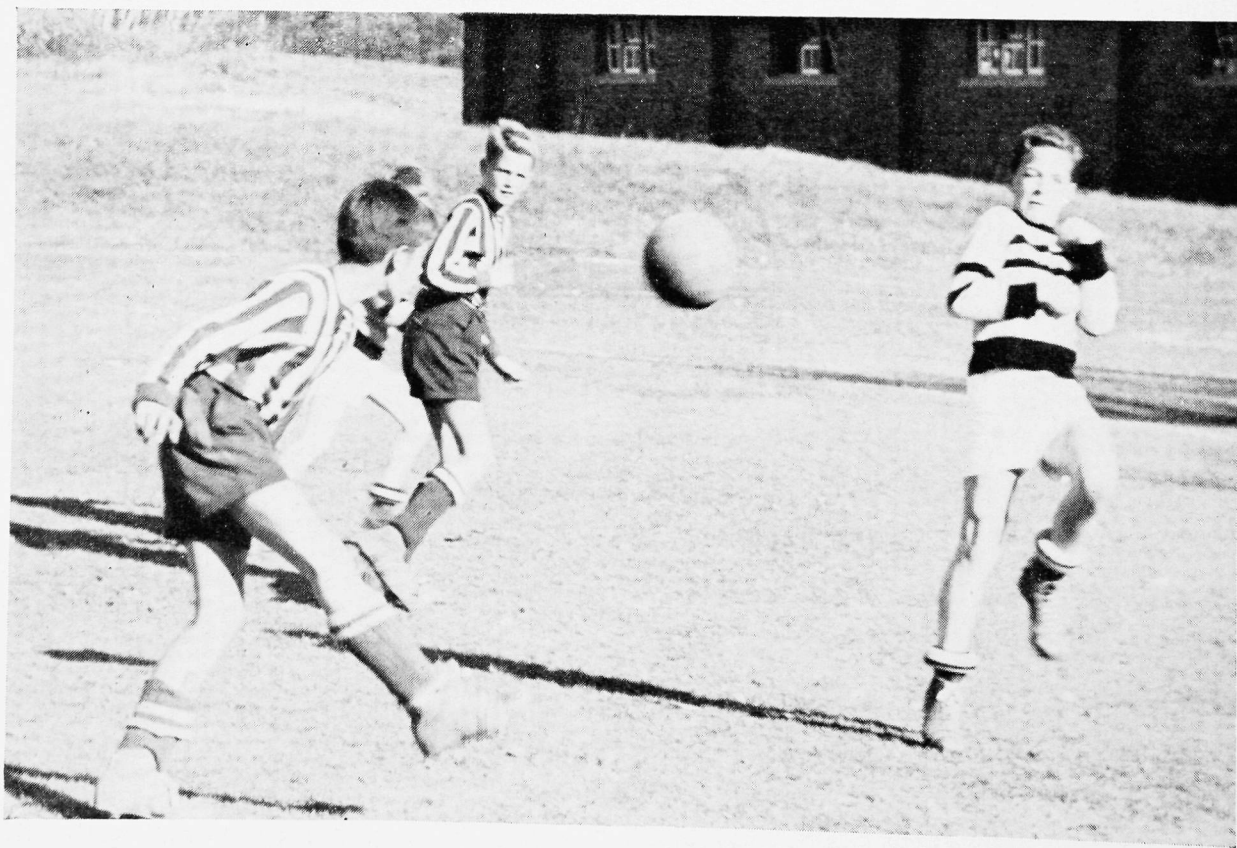
Our budgies are very good pets. All but Sally are

tame. They will sit on your shoulders and nibble your ears. They will sit on your head and nibble your hair. They will sit on the curtain boxes (when flying loose in the living room) and nibble the curtains. When one is reading a book or doing anything quiet in the living room one will hear a scraping noise like that of a mouse. It is only the birds trying to eat the moulding off the wall. When the window's open they converse from their cage with the birds outside. They sing loudly to the piano or the vacuum cleaner.

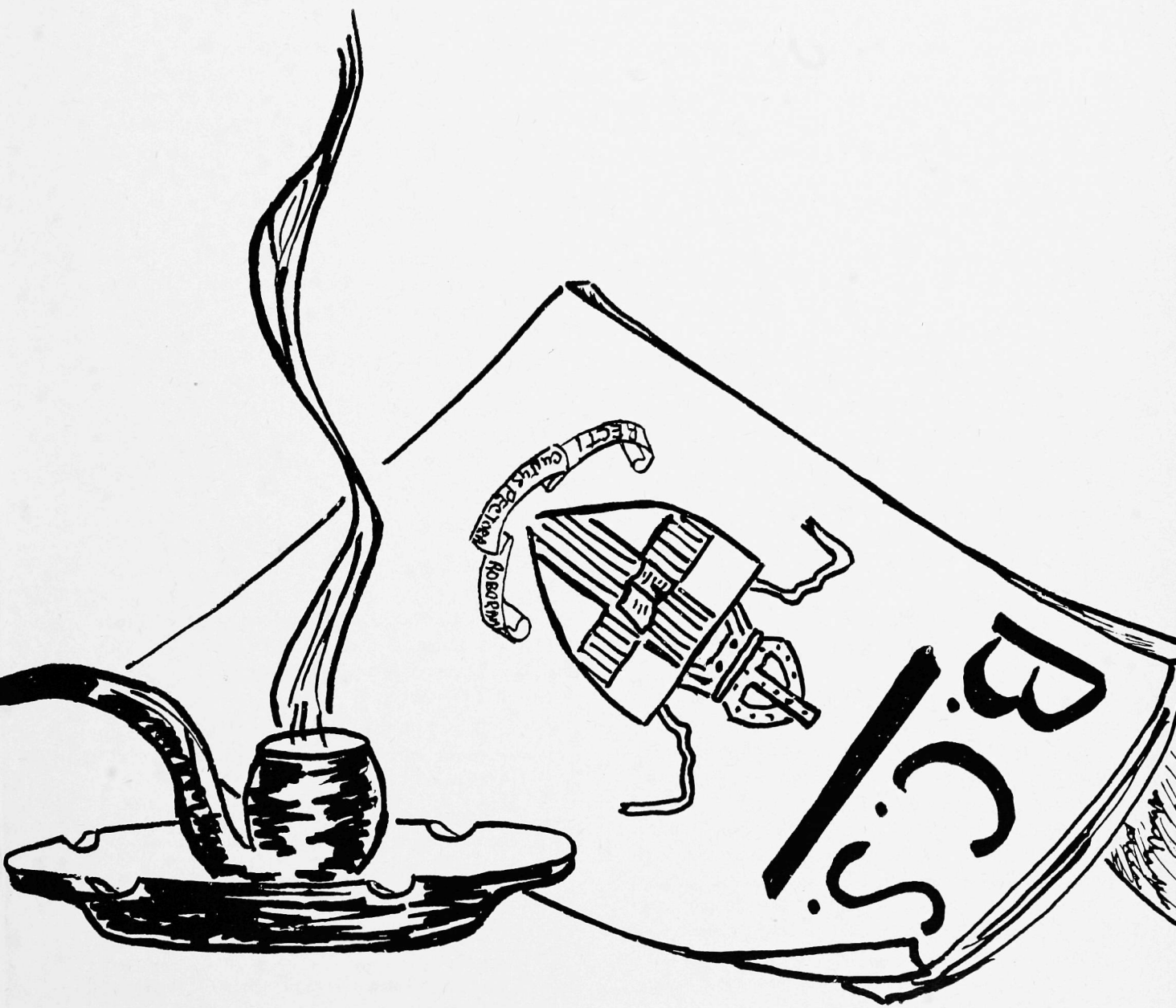
They are happy, they are fed once a day. They usually get one fly at least every day, excepting Sally and Junior who are not completely tame.

Budgies are also known as Budgerigars, love-birds or Australian grass birds. It is too bad that these beautiful birds are caged but they do make good pets.

P. CUMYN 



# OLD BOYS' NOTES





## OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

With the close of another School year, the Directors of the Association wish to thank all Old Boys who have contributed in any way to the success which the Association has enjoyed this past year. The degree of such success depends upon the number of members enrolled and, once more, Old Boys are asked to pay their fees promptly when each new fiscal year begins (October 31)—better still, of course, is to become a Life Member and have done with annual remittances!

Payment of fees, \$3.00 annually for the first ten years, \$5.00 thereafter, \$100.00 Life Membership, should be made to: P. J. AIRD, ESQ., P. O. BOX 3, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, P. Q.

It is most gratifying to know that the Life Membership has increased from 80 as of the end of October, to 99 as of May 15. Annual members total 229, thus making a total membership of 328.

Since the last Bulletin which appeared in November, the following Old Boys have become Life Members:

B. G. Day ('40-'45); L. C. Monk ('18-'24); R. G. C. Smith ('19-'25); J. F. E. Pratt ('34-'38); A. W. Barry ('25-'30); G. P. Stairs ('43-'46); Dr. A. H. Finley ('36-'43); H. D. Thorp ('34-'37; '41-'42); J. A. MacDiarmid ('44-'45); H. E. Trenholme ('34-'40); L. H. Walls ('42-'47); J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39); R. R. MacDougall ('18-'26); D. C. Campbell ('43-'49); D. M. Stearns ('39-'49); L. T. Porter ('42-'48); D. Y. Hodgson ('37-'41); P. R. Carter ('46-'53); G. W. Millar ('26-'30); W. O. Sharp ('19-'23).

To reduce Association expenses, the March issue of the Bulletin was not sent out; but its material has been incorporated in the Old Boys' section of this issue of the School Magazine.

In an earlier issue of the Bulletin when interesting facts pertaining to the Cadet Corps were given, it was announced that an account of the affiliation of the Corps with the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada would be contained in a later issue. Elsewhere in these notes will be found the article which appeared in the 1936 June issue of the School Magazine which gave a full report of

this memorable event. A re-reading of this account should prove interesting not only to those Old Boys who took part in the parade on March 14, 1936, but also to Old Boys who may have forgotten that their Cadet Corps . . . the oldest one in Canada . . . is linked with the oldest Highland Regiment in the British Army.

The School gratefully thanks J. G. R. Shuter ('93-'99) for his gifts of a collection of books for the Peter Holt Memorial Library and for the engraving of George III reviewing his troops.

## CONGRATULATIONS

J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39) has been elected Vice-President of Canadian Squash Racquets Association and H. Hallward ('40-'44) of the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club a member of the Executive Committee.

Major A. P. Boswell ('25-'34) was paid tribute at the Black Watch Dinner, November 7, for teaching piping and drumming to over 100 boys.

Lorne D. Clark ('28-'31), appointed Vice-President of W. Clark Ltd, last year, succeeded his uncle, E. J. Clark, as President, when the latter retired in December.

T. M. Barott ('34-'36) is President of the St. Andrew's Youth Centre which looks after the recreational needs of some 400 children.

S. Day ('37-'42) has been appointed manager of Zeller's Limited Store, Queen Mary Road, Montreal.

W. S. Patterson ('44-'50) was heard on the "Opportunity Knocks" programme from Toronto on January 25. He is at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

Lieut. G. W. Huggett ('37-'43), the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, spent two years with the 27th Brigade in Hanover, Germany. He returned to Canada at the end of November.

Brig. K. Black ('17-'21) is a member of the scholarship committee of the Montreal branch of the Military Engineers Association.

H. R. Montgomery ('19-'23) is Engineering Faculty Fund Chairman of the McGill Alma Mater Fund.

G. D. Powis ('36-'39) was appointed in May Secretary-Treasurer of the Montreal Star Co. Ltd. He is a member of the Institute of Newspaper Comptrollers and Finance Officers.

G. H. Day ('35-'40) was elected a member of the Council of the Montreal Junior Bar Association.

G. H. Montgomery ('26-'28) has been appointed a Q.C.

Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22) was elected President of the Welfare Federation of Montreal in April.

G. A. Sharp ('23-'28) won the finals of the Veterans' Doubles Squash Championship of Canada.

## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Finley ('36-'39), a daughter, in Ottawa, November 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Collier ('45-'48), a son, in Montreal, November 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jarrett ('39-'44), a daughter, in Montreal, December 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Atkinson ('36-'39), a son, in Montreal, January 4th.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. W. M. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26), a son, in Sherbrooke, January 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Boswell ('25-'34), a son, in Montreal, January 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. MacTier ('37-'41), a daughter, in Montreal, February 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hugessen ('37-'42), twins, a boy and a girl, in Montreal, February 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Buch ('29-'38), a son, in Montreal, February 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Evans, Housemaster at Smith House, a son, in Sherbrooke, February 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Howard ('42-'47), a daughter, in Calgary, March 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Day ('33-'40), a daughter, in Montreal, March 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Montgomery ('26-'28), a daughter, in Montreal, March 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Campbell, Master in Upper School, a daughter, in Sherbrooke, April 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Collier ('33-'39), a son, in Montreal, April 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Baldwin ('27-'30), a daughter, in Sherbrooke, on April 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. MacFarlane ('36-'41), a daughter, in Arvida, May 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Glass ('28-'32), a son, in Sherbrooke, May 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Faerman ('43-'48), a daughter, in Montreal, May 18th.

## WEDDINGS

M. C. Magor ('45-'47) to Miss M. Falls, in Montreal, December 19. E. LeMessurier ('44-'48) was best man, and ushers were: D. McMaster ('45-'48), I. McCulloch ('43-'48).

J. W. Price ('40-'45), son of Brig. and Mrs. J. H. Price ('09-'15), to Miss H. Stevenson, sister of R. Stevenson ('39-'45). Best man was H. L. Price ('42-'46) and ushers:

T. Price ('44-'48), P. Price (VIth Form), R. Stevenson ('39-'45), D. Stoker ('38-'45), J. Peck ('40-'43). The wedding took place in Montreal on January 20.

J. P. Atkinson ('36-'39) to Miss B. Robb, in Westmount, January 23. D. Atkinson was best man.

Lieut. G. W. Huggett ('37-'43) to Miss D. Aitken, Montrose, Scotland, in Montreal, on February 3.

H. Setlakwe ('43-'45) to Miss M. Gregoire, Weedon, P.Q., in Sherbrooke, on February 6.

T. D. I. Ker ('37-'42), to Miss A. Bull, Ottawa, in Montreal, February 20.

M. S. Wallace ('39-'45), to Miss A. Dill, in York Mills, Ont., on February 20. Ushers were: D. Stoker ('38-'45) and A. S. Fraser ('39-'45).

N. G. Courey ('44-'47) to Miss J. Delaney, in Niagara Falls, Ont., in February.

H. McGee ('46-'50) to Miss M. Drader, in Toronto, in April.

R. M. Hartt ('43-'48) was married early in April.

H. T. Markey ('19-'26) to Dorothy L. Paterson, in Montreal, April 8.

A. Hampson ('42-'46) to Miss M. Jones, in Montreal, April 10.

J. T. Ross ('44-'48) to Miss R. MacKeen, in Ottawa, May 15. Ushers were: R. Ross ('46-'51); P. J. Aird ('41-'44); D. Glassford ('44-'48); T. Price ('44-'48).

A. Ronald Reid ('40-'44) to Miss J. Cresswell, sister of P. Cresswell ('47-'52), in Montreal, June 5.

R. H. Pitfield ('38-'47) to Miss D. Weldon in Montreal, on May 29.

D. A. Price ('46-'50), son of Brig. and Mrs. J. H. Price ('09-'15) to Miss M. McConnell, June 29th.

H. M. MacDougall ('42-'47), son of Col. and Mrs. H. C. MacDougall ('16-'22), to Miss E. Gordon this Fall.

L. H. Walls ('42-'47) is to be married in October.

## DEATHS

We regret to report the following deaths and to the respective families we extend deepest sympathy:

Lt.-Col. E. R. Brown ('85-'88), M.D., C.M., R.C.M.C., C.B.E., well known Montreal doctor and soldier, died in December.

Old Boys of the 1940's will regret to learn of the death of Mr. J. C. Farthing in Montreal on March 9. Mr. Farthing taught first in the Upper School and later in the Prep. under Mr. Page.

W. A. C. Hamilton ('80-'82), South Bolton, P.Q., and a Life Member of the Association, died in Newport, Vt., on February 11.

Dr. W. LeM. Carter ('92-'95) died in Quebec City on February 12.

We extend sympathy to G. R. Sharwood ('46-'48) whose father died in April.

## ITEMS OF NEWS

Col. G. S. Cantlie, D.S.O., Honorary Colonel, whose military service goes back to the 19th century, was a guest at the annual Dinner of the Officers' Mess of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, on November 7th.

D. G. Hobart ('45-'52); and M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53); motored from Montreal to be present at the School Carol Service on December 13th.

A picture in the Montreal Star of November 20th, shows Rt. Hon. Lord Shaughnessy ('35-'38), auctioning a page of the Coronation stamp of Canada, at a stamp auction held by the Westmount Stamp Club in aid of the Westminster Abbey Restoration Fund.

Godfrey Howard ('39-'42), with an Investment Company in Boston, motored to Deerfield Academy to see the School Hockey Team play there on January 23rd.

Brig. and Mrs. G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14), Hon. Lieut. Col. of the Royal Montreal Regiment, received at the Ball held on January 29th, at the St. Catherine St. Armory.

Dr. Eric Phelps ('35-'38), is in London, England.

J. Ross ('44-'48) is with the Cockfield, Brown Co., Montreal. R. Ross ('46-'51) has been at the University of New Brunswick this year taking Business Administration Course.

Old Boys present for the Old Boys vs School Hockey game on February 13th, which the School won 5-3, were: H. Norsworthy ('36-'39) and wife; J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39) and wife; P. Aird ('41-'44) and wife; R. McBoyle ('40-'44) and wife; T. Price ('44-'48); D. Stoker ('38-'45); J. Ross ('44-'48); R. McMaster ('35-'39) and wife; J. Tyler ('42-'44) and wife; W. Molson ('33-'38) and wife; P. Satterthwaite ('39-'45); A. Lemieux ('37-'43); J. Moreland ('39-'45); W. Doheny ('30-'38).

After the game, the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained in the Administration Wing.

The following Old Boys who are School Directors were present at the School for a meeting on February 19-20: Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); H. W. Davis ('18-'23); W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); D. Doheny ('27-'34); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28).

F. W. Morkill ('34-'43), and Okill Stuart ('30-'38) and wife, visited the School on March 2nd. Morkill is Ass't. Sup't. of Railways, Cerro de Pasco Corp., La Oroya, Peru, and Stuart is Sales Manager for Harvey Realities Co., Ltd, St. Lambert, P. Q. M. Lucas ('46-'51) is with the Dominion Securities Corp'n. Ltd, Montreal.

Old Boys present for the Easter Service in St. Mark's Chapel, April 18th, were: Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); K. Darling and wife ('38-'44); B. Mitchell ('45-'53); R. Setlakwe ('43-'51).

S. Day ('37-'42) and H. Ryshpan ('48-'51) visited the School on April 19th.

R. Clarke ('49-'50), W. B. Mitchell ('45-'53), R. G. Ross ('46-'51) are all at University of New Brunswick. Mitchell and Ross played on two hockey and Rugby Varsity teams.

The annual Meeting and Dinner of the Association was held at the Montreal Club on February 11th. 105 Old Boys—the greatest number of the past few years—were present. Mr. Douglas Smith, nationally known sports announcer, was the principal speaker and gave an interesting talk on sports—rugby and hockey chiefly—and answered numerous questions raised by many of his listeners.

The Headmaster in giving a résumé of School activities spoke of the results obtained last year at the McGill exams. 31 boys wrote the complete Junior Certificate examinations. Of these 6 failed, or a percentage of 19.3 A total of 178 boys and girls from different independent, private and public schools in the Province wrote these papers and 72 of them failed, a failure rate of 40%.

In the Senior Certificate examinations there were three candidates from B.C.S. none of whom failed, or a failure rate of 0%. In the entire Province there were 24 candidates of whom eleven failed, or a failure rate of 46%. In the Senior and Junior certificates B.C.S. wrote 29 different subjects papers, and in 26 of them our failure percentage was considerably lower than the average of McGill candidates.

In the Matriculation Sixth Form 146 Junior Certificate examinations were written and 146 papers passed. In this group of 15 candidates four First Class Certificates were awarded, eight Second Class Certificates and three Third Class Certificates. All candidates were admitted to universities of their choice. One boy scored an average of 92.9% in the Certificate, as far as we know the highest mark awarded by McGill. He won a McGill University Entrance Scholarship.

Mr. G. H. Moffat who joined the School Staff in 1936 and became Housemaster of Chapman's House in 1942, was a guest of the Association at the Dinner. Seated at the Head Table were: J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39), President of the Association; C. L. O. Glass ('28-'32), the Headmaster; Mr. Douglas Smith; R. R. McLernon ('26-'30), Vice-Chairman of the Board of School Directors; J. Cross ('27-'35); H. W. Davis, Q.C., ('18-'23); G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14); G. G. Ryan, O.B.E., ('15-'19); P. J. Aird ('41-'44), Secretary of the Association.

R. R. McLernon ('26-'30) presented J. Foy, Toronto, winner of the first annual B.C.S. Invitation Squash Tournament, played last October, with the Malcolm Seafeld Grant ('26-'32) Memorial Trophy, donated by J. Bassett, jr., ('29-'33). Runner-up H. Hallward ('40-'44).

In addition to Old Boys seated at the Head Table, the following were present:

P. McEntyre; J. Rankin; J. Gibb-Carsley; M. Boul-



ton; R. R. MacDougall; G. W. Hall; H. L. Hall; W. McMaster; T. Sheppard; A. Dobell; J. Peck; J. Goodson; P. Colditz; S. Schafan; F. Winser; G. Buch; I. MacLean; J. Kemp; W. Doheny; F. Whittall; H. Moreland; R. D. Collier; R. McBoyle; T. Price; P. Reaper; H. M. MacDougall; G. Seely; J. Allen; F. Fuller; P. Winkworth; D. Ashworth; J. Williams; W. Norrish; D. Vaughan; G. Manolovici; G. Boyd; G. Hobart; W. Goldstone; R. Hart; W. Thompson; J. Gibb-Carsley, jr.; E. Anvik; W. Pollock; K. Howard; G. H. Day; H. Bignell; D. Stearns; M. Stearns; W. Johnston; W. Robb; J. Meakins; P. Sisé; D. Rankin; C. Rankin, jr.; L. M. Smith; L. Davis; W. Molson; D. Stoker; C. Flintoft; J. Nixon; H. Trenholme; A. Powis; G. Winters; E. Chambers; M. Wallace; K. Darling; J. H. Patton; G. Napier; N. Hanna; K. Case; T. Montgomery; H. Doheny; P. Barott; H. Hallward; P. Roy; O. Sharp; G. D. Campbell; G. A. Sharp; D. Creighton; D. Duclos; J. Sare; G. Millar; W. Carter; L. Walls; S. Lyman; H. Ryshpan.

(Apologies to any Old Boys whose names have been inadvertently missed).

Paul Almond ('44-'48) spoke to the Montreal Women's Club in the Mount Royal Hotel in December on the life of the present day undergraduate student at Oxford.

E. K. Hugessen ('33-'40) debated against two McGill Professors on January 29, in Montreal, on the subject "That Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations." He and his partner, Dr. Rosenfeld, Baltimore, took the negative and recorded their arguments on 'tape' which were then forwarded to one another.

B. Day ('40-'45) gave a number of commentaries on the CBC's programme Mid-Week Review.

T. Bishop ('45-'50) and A. C. Lindsay ('47-'49) received Executive Awards at the annual McGill Awards Banquet held in the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gym on March 19th.

H. Ryshpan ('48-'51) was heard on the CBC programme, excerpts from the plays of Eugene O'Neill, in March.

Canon G. E. Moffat ('26-'29), Charlottetown, P.E.I., officiated at the Communion Service and preached the Sermon, in St. Mark's Chapel, on March 19th, the last Sunday of the term.

D. Phelps ('41-'44), in mid-December, had just completed a four month's tour with an Ice Show. He spent part of the winter ranching in Wyoming and then went to San Francisco.

T. Wheeler ('49-'52) came 1st in the Downhill race of the Provincial Ski Championships, Senior 'C'. He was in charge of the Ski Shop at Lac Beauport this past season.

Congratulations to the Old Boys' hockey team for defeating L.C.C. Old Boys, 7-6, in the game played at the Forum in mid-March.

E. K. Hugessen ('33-'40) was the President of the Fifth Model United Nations Assembly of the Central YMCA which met March 26-27.

Ian MacLean ('31-'38) and his wife won first prize for 'the zaniest performance' at the annual Sugar Derby ski race held on the Cochand slopes at Ste. Marguerite, on March 28th.

D. P. Reid ('47-'52) has joined the creative staff of The McConnell, Eastman Advertising Agency.

Lieut. and Mrs. H. E. Trenholme ('34-'40) are mentioned in the list of 3rd Division Veterans taking part in the June 6th 'D-Day' Pilgrimage to France.

The following Old Boys took part in the Chairman's vs School Cricket game on May 8: The Headmaster ('28-'32); The Chairman ('16-'19; '23-'26); H. C. MacDougall ('16-'22); H. W. Davis ('18-'23); H. Doheny ('26-'33). The score was: School 103 runs to 52 for the Chairman's team.

D. G. Campbell ('43-'49) and D. Hogg ('46-'48) visited the School on May 12. Campbell is at the University of Western Ontario taking the Business Administration Course. Hogg is taking Engineering at McGill.

M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53) and D. G. Hobart ('45-'52) visited the School May 8-9.

G. S. Cantlie ('48-'52) has been appointed assistant editor of the Mitre at Bishop's University next year.

R. G. Ross ('46-'51) visited the School on May 8.

M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53) played on the Wanderers Cricket team which played the School on May 15.

Old Boys present at Confirmation Service in St. Mark's Chapel on May 16 were: Dr. J. Meakins ('24-'29); H. H. Smith ('19-'27); J. Bassett ('29-'33); J. Lawrence ('40-'49); T. Grier ('43-'48; '50-'52); J. M. Clarke ('28-'36).

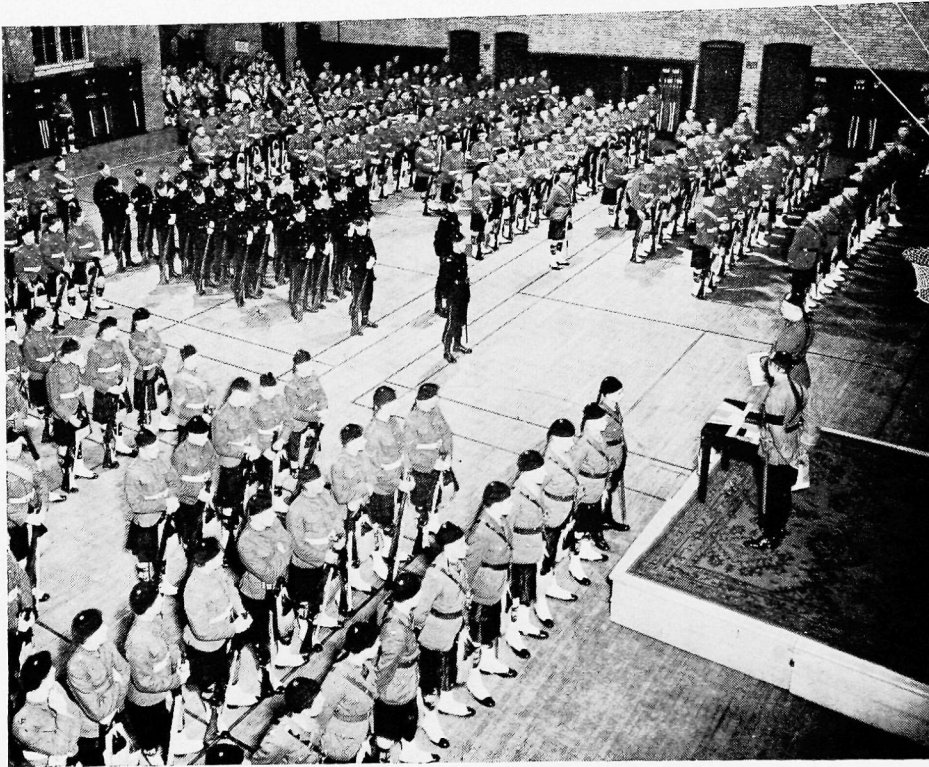
W. P. McKeown ('50-'52) visited the School on May 16th.

Old Boys taking part in the Prep Father and Son Cricket game on May 15 were: H. H. Smith ('19-'27); J. M. Clarke ('28-'36); J. Bassett ('29-'33).

The following Old Boys were members of the inspecting party when Brig. R. Moncel ('27-'34), C.B.E., inspected the Cadet Corps on May 19. Major the Right Honourable Lord Shaughnessy ('35-'38); Major J. P. G. Kemp ('33-'36); Capt. W. Doheny ('30-'38).

We were very pleased to have a visit from L. Y. Read ('23-'28). He has been living in Montreal the past three years and previously had been living in the Maritimes for 15 years.

Present for the Directors—Staff Dinner on May 21st were: Mr. Justice W. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26), Chairman of the Board; R. R. McLernon ('26-'30), Vice-Chairman; H. W. Davis, Q.C., ('18-'23); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); C. D. Johnston ('21-'27); E. Webster; H. R. McMaster. G. H. MacDougall ('24-'30) joined the above for the Directors' Meeting held at the School on May 22.



### ACCOUNT OF THE AFFILIATION OF THE SCHOOL CADET CORPS WITH THE BLACK WATCH OF CANADA IN MARCH, 1936

"The oldest Cadet Corps in Canada was linked with the oldest Highland Regiment in the British Army last night when the affiliation of the Bishop's College School Cadet Corps with the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada was confirmed in joint parades of both units at the Champ de Mars and in the Black Watch Armoury on Bleury Street".

In these terms the *Montreal Gazette* of March 15th, 1936, introduced an account of an historic event which took place on the Champ de Mars and in the armoury of the Black Watch on March 14th, when the Cadet Corps was formally affiliated with the Black Watch.

On the morning of the 14th, the following cadets, constituting a special platoon of the Corps under Cadet-Major F. G. Lord and Cadet-Lieutenant S. I. Lyman, left Lennoxville for Montreal:—Ross; Cross; Colditz; Egerton; Tyndale; Boswell; Clarke; Beckett; Kemp; Peck; Buch; King; O. Crichton; J. Crichton; Robinson; Anglin; Packard; Goodson; Leslie; Doheny; Lewis.

At 9.10 on the 14th the Platoon "rendez-voused" at the Champ de Mars. The scene was one which will long be remembered by those who saw it. On the north side

of the square the Regiment was drawn up in line. On the right was the 13th Battalion and on the left the 42nd. There were between 600 and 700 men on parade, and opposite them the Pipe Band was drawn up to pipe the ranks past the saluting base. The night was still and cool, the street lamps shed a half-light which emphasized only the spats and gaiters of the Black Watch and the bayonets and white gloves of the Cadet Corps.

Without any fuss, and as the Regiment stood to attention the Platoon marched into the centre of the square, fixed bayonets, and were inspected by Col Fleming, Col. Sir Montagu Allan, Col. Cantlie, and Col. Herbert Molson. They marched off and presently re-appeared, moving past the saluting base in perfect line. The salute was taken by Col. Fleming. The *Gazette* says of this part of the ceremony . . . "The smart bearing and superb handling of their weapons by the cadets made a distinct impression on the officers and men of the 13th and 42nd Battalions, and on the large number of civilians who attended the ceremony."

At the western end of the square the cadets halted, and waited while the Black Watch moved off. Within

a few minutes the two units had changed places, and, while the Cadets stood at attention, company after company of the Black Watch marched past. Their salute was taken by Cadet-Major Lord. Then, while the regiment formed up in column, the cadets took post at the head of the parade, and within a few minutes led off for the armoury on Bleury Street, headed by the Pipe Band.

Within the armoury, the two battalions formed up facing south, with the cadets in the centre. Upon a platform were Col Andrew Fleming, the Honorary Colonels of the Regiment, and the Headmaster, who was in the uniform of the 6th Field Brigade, Canadian Artillery. Colonel Fleming then addressed the parade as follows:—

"After having seen you on parade to-night I wish to congratulate you most sincerely upon your soldier-like bearing, the excellence of your arm drill, and the precision of your marching. Your performance reveals the superior merit of your instruction, your keen interest in your work and your pride in the Corps.

"Almost 200 years ago the Black Watch or, as it is now known, the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) was organized and during that time its Battalions have served and seen active service in many parts of the world. Throughout its history the Regiment has won the acclaim, admiration and respect of the British people. Its traditions are rich in brave deeds, loyal service and devotion to duty.

"The Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada is proud to be affiliated with that Regiment and to have the privilege and honour of wearing its uniform. If, perchance, you have read the history of this Unit since its foundation in 1862, and if you have studied the glorious achievements of its Overseas Battalions during the Great War, you will have realized, I am sure, the chief desire of those who have served in its ranks has always been to guard and enhance the name of the Black Watch.

"The Bishop's College School Cadet Corps, originated in 1861, has a unique position in the Cadet History of Canada. It has the right to carry a battle honour on its colours. Your history is conspicuous for faithful service and reveals a readiness at all times to respond to the call of your country and Empire. Your nominal rolls are full of the names of those who have brought honour and glory to the Institution and the Corps. Incidentally, may I mention the name of the Honourary Colonel of this Regiment, Colonel Sir H. Montagu Allan, who is a former pupil of the School and an ex-Chairman of the Board of Directors of that Institution.

"I am glad to say there are several ex-Bishop's scholars, serving as Officers in the Regiment to-day. You are members of a great Corps and your pride in it is fully justified.

"To-night the affiliation of your Corps with this Regi-

ment has been confirmed on parade. It is worthy of note that this affiliation gives you, the oldest Cadet Corps in Canada, a direct association with the Black Watch, the oldest Highland Unit in the British Army. I am quite certain the affiliation will be of mutual benefit and you may be assured this Regiment will have a sustained interest and pride in your progress, and will always be ready to give you such assistance as it is within its power to render. Our joint duty is to guard the traditions by continuing to maintain a high degree of efficiency and always to keep sacred the memory of our Beloved Dead."

At the conclusion of his address Col. Fleming presented the Headmaster with copies of the War History of the 13th and 42nd Battalions, and called for three cheers for the Bishop's College School Cadet Corps. In reply, the Headmaster said:

"Colonel Fleming, Officers and other ranks of the Black Watch of Canada:

"It is my pleasant duty to accept these histories of the battalions of your regiment, and, on behalf of No. 2 Bishop's College School Cadet Corps, to express, briefly but very sincerely our appreciation of the generous tribute which your Commanding Officer has paid to us in the course of his remarks.

"The affiliation of two units of His Majesty's Forces, be they "Permanent" or "Non-permanent", Militia, or Cadets, is an incident which marks the sense of comradeship belonging to those who have the honour to wear the King's uniform.

"May I say that we reciprocate the gesture of comradeship extended to us this evening, and add that we are proud that it came from so historic and so soldierly a unit as the Black Watch of Canada, a pride which is increased by the realization that many of our Old Boys have been and are, and will be, members of your regiment.

"I know that I am expressing the wish of every boy of the cadet corps when I say that I hope the affiliation which has been confirmed this evening will be fruitful of a lasting and cordial friendship. Gentlemen of No. 2 Cadet Corps, Off Caps. Three Cheers for the Black Watch of Canada."

After the dismissal of the parade, the cadets were entertained at a buffet supper in the Officers' Mess.

Besides the Battalion Commanding Officers, Lt.-Col. K. G. Blackader, M.C., V.D., of the 13th and Lt.-Col. A. T. Howard, V.D., of the 42nd, those present included Col. Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, C.V.O., V.D., Honourary Colonel of the Black Watch, Major P. F. Sise, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the School, Lt.-Col. Herbert Molson, C.M.G., M.C., E.D., Honourary Lt.-Col. of the Regiment and Lt.-Col. G. S. Cantlie, D.S.O., V.D.



## NEW OLD BOYS, 1954

- BAILEY, RUSSELL, 1949, Williams House, C VI 1, Debating Society, Camera Club, 2nd Team Football, 3rd Team Hockey, Track Team, 2nd in Senior Cross Country '52.
- BLAKE, PATRICK, 1949, Smith House, C VI 1, Choir, Debating Society, Players' Club, 1st Team Cricket '53, 3rd Team Football '53 (Captain), Orphan's Hockey '53.
- BUCHANAN, BRIAN, 1951, Chapman House, C VI 1, Choir, Debating Society (Secretary '54), Camera Club, 3rd Team Football, Orphans' Hockey.
- CAMERON, JOHN, 1948, Williams House, C VI 2, Players' Club '48 '53, Model Club, Magazine Staff (News Editor '54), Chalet President, Cadet Corporal, 1st Team Football (Assistant Manager '52-'53), Orphans' Hockey Manager '51-'53.
- COWANS, JOHN, 1948, Smith House, C VI 1, Debating Society, Players' Club, Magazine Staff (Sports Editor '54), Cadet Corporal, 1st Team Hockey, 3rd Team Football, Under XVI Cricket '52 '53, Track, Junior All-Round (R.M.C. Cup) '52, Bishop's University.
- CUMYN, PHILIP, 1952, Smith House, M VI, Sub-Librarian, Cadet Lance-Corporal, McGill.
- DAVIDSON, JOHN, 1949, Williams House, VIIth Form, Choir, French Club, Librarian, 2nd Crease Football, 1st Crease, 1st Crease, Skiing, McGill.
- DUFFIELD, PETER, 1952, Chapman House, M VI, Choir, Players' Club, Magazine Staff, Librarian, 1st Ski Team '53, 3rd Team Football, 2nd Team Hockey, Under XVI Cricket, VIIth Form.
- EAKIN, RICHARD, 1949, Williams House, C VI 1, Debating Society, Players' Club, Camera Club, 2nd Crease Football, Orphans' Hockey.
- GALLOP, JOHN, 1951, Williams House, M VI, Debating Society, Camera Club (President), Magazine Staff (Photo Editor '54), Sub-Librarian, Cadet Bugle Corporal, 2nd Team Skiing '54, Senior Porteous Cup '53, McGill.
- GORDON, MICHAEL, 1953, School House, C VI 1, Magazine Staff, 1st Team Football, Orphans' Hockey, McGill.
- HALL, THOMAS, 1952, Chapman House, M VI, Camera Club (Vice-President '54), Magazine Staff (Assistant Photo Editor '54), Librarian, 3rd Team Football, Mohawk Hockey, Track, VIIth Form.
- HUTCHISON, RICHARD, 1951, Williams House, C VI 1, 2nd Crease Football, McGill.
- JOHNSON, DONALD, 1949, Smith House, C VI 2, Debating Society, Cadet Corporal, 2nd Team Football, 2nd Team Hockey, Business.
- KYRTSIS, KYRO, 1952, Smith House, M VI, Librarian, Chalet Representative, 1st Team Football, 2nd Team Skiing, Track, VIIth Form.
- MACDOUGALL, BART, 1948, Smith House, VIIth Form, Prefect, Choir, Players' Club, Cadet Lieutenant, 1st Team Football '52-'53, 1st Team Hockey '54, 1st Team Cricket '52 '53, (Captain '54), R.M.C.
- MACLEAN, PETER, 1950, Williams House, C VI 1, Prefect, Debating Society, Players' Club, Chalet Representative, Cadet Sergeant, 1st Team Football, 1st Team Hockey '53, '54 (Vice-Captain '54).
- MEREDITH, FREDERICK, 1948, Williams House, VIIth Form, Head Boy, Choir, Debating Society, Players' Club, French Club, Magazine Staff (Literary Editor '54), Cadet Corporal, 1st Team Hockey, 1st Team Cricket '53, 1st in Senior Tennis Singles '53, 1st in Senior Tennis Doubles '53, Trinity College, Cambridge.
- MITESCU, CATALIN, 1951, Chapman House, VIIth Form, Head Boy, Debating Society (Secretary '54), Players' Club, French Club, Librarian, Soccer (Captain '54), Abenakis Hockey, Track '52, '53, 1st in Junior Tennis Doubles '53, Governor-General's Medal '53, Green-shields and McGill Entrance Scholarships '53, McGill.
- MOLSON, ERIC, 1948, Chapman House, M VI, Head Boy, Debating Society (Secretary '53), Players' Club, French Club, Magazine Staff '52, '54, Cadet Corporal, 3rd Team Football, 2nd Team Hockey '53, '54 (Captain), Le Rosey.
- NESBITT, GRAHAM, 1948, Smith House, M VI, Head Boy, Debating Society (Secretary '53), Players' Club, Magazine Staff (Editor-in-Chief '54), Cadet Corporal, 1st Ski Team '54, 3rd Team Football, Mohawks Hockey (Captain '53), Under XVI Cricket, Le Rosey.
- O'HALLORAN, JACK, 1949, Smith House, C VI 1, Prefect, Players' Club (Stage Manager), Cadet Lieutenant, 1st Team Football Manager '52, '53, 1st Team Hockey Manager '53, '54, Under XVI Cricket (Captain '52), Tennis Junior Doubles '52.
- OGILVIE, JACK, 1947, Chapman House, M VI, Head Boy, Choir, Players' Club, Librarian, Cadet Sergeant, 1st Team Football, 1st Ski Team '51, '54, Under XVI Cricket, Prep All-Round (Richardson Cup), McGill.
- PETERS, TERENCE, 1950, Smith House, C VI 2, Head Boy, Chalet Secretary-Treasurer, Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant, 1st Team Football '52, '53, 1st Team Hockey '52, '53, Vice-Captain '54, 1st Team Cricket '52, '53, Vice-Captain '54, Junior Tennis Doubles '52, Business.
- PICK, MICHAEL, 1948, Williams House, M VI, Debating Society, Players' Club, Camera Club, Cadet Corporal, 2nd Team Skiing, VIIth Form.

- PRATT, JOHN, 1948, Williams House, VIIth Form, Prefect, Choir, Players' Club, Cadet WO2 (Band), 1st Team Football '51, '52, Vice-Captain '53, 1st Ski Team '51, Captain '52, '53, '54, 1st Team Cricket '53, Whittall Cup '52, '53, '54, Cleghorn Cup '53, Junior All-Round R.M.C. Cup '51, Intermediate All-Round Challenge Cup '52, '53, Bishop's University.
- PRICE, PETER, 1948, Smith House, M VI, Head Boy, Choir, French Club, Camera Club, Magazine Staff (Assistant Sports Editor), Cadet Captain, 1st Team '52, Captain '53, 1st Team Hockey '53, Captain '54, 1st Team Cricket '52, '53, C.M.R.
- REDPATH, JAMES, 1950, Chapman House, VIIth Form, Head Prefect, Players' Club, Cadet Major, 1st Team Football '52, '53, 1st Team Hockey, Track, 1st in Senior Cross Country '53, McGill.
- RIDER, JOHN, 1953, Chapman House, VIIth Form, Choir, 1st Team Football, Orphans' Hockey, Bishop's University.
- ROBERTS, WILLIAM, 1951, Chapman House, M VI, Debating Society (Vice-President), Players' Club, Chalet Representative, Cadet Lieutenant, 1st Team Football, Orphans' Hockey, Under XVI Cricket, McGill.
- ROBERTSON, DOUGLAS, 1953, School House, M VI, Choir, Players' Club, 1st Ski Team, 2nd Crease Football, 1st in E. T. Interscholastic Ski Meet, McGill.
- ROGERS, THOMAS, 1950, Chapman House, M VI, Choir, Debating Society (Treasurer), Players' Club, Camera Club, French Club, Magazine Staff, 1st Ski Team '53, '54, Track, Junior Porteous Cup, McGill.
- SAFFORD, PETER, 1950, Chapman House, VIIth Form, Head Boy, Debating Society, Magazine Staff (Business Manager '54), Chalet Representative '54, 1st Team Hockey (Manager '54), 2nd Crease Football (Manager '53), McGill.
- SALHANY, ROGER, 1953, School House, C VI 1, Under XVI Football, Mohawks Hockey, McGill.
- SHARP, WILLIAM, 1949, Williams House, M VI, Head Boy, Choir, Debating Society, Camera Club, Magazine Staff, Cadet Sergeant, 2nd Team Football, 2nd Team Hockey '52, '54, Under XVI Cricket, VIIth Form.
- STIRLING, KEITH, 1950, Smith House, M VI, Head Boy, Choir, Debating Society (President), Players' Club, Chalet Vice-President, Cadet Lieutenant, 1st Team Football '53, 1st Ski Team '53, Track, C.M.R.
- TEARE, JOHN, 1953, School House, M VI, Choir, 3rd Team Football, Abenakis Hockey, VIIth Form.
- TIEDEMANN, PETER, 1953, School House, C VI 2, Choir
- TWIDALE, PETER, 1948, Smith House, C VI 1, Choir, Debating Society, Orphans' Hockey (Vice-Captain '54).
- UDD, JOHN, 1952, Smith House, M VI, Debating Society, Camera Club, 3rd Team Football, Orphans' Hockey, McGill.

## CORRECTION

We are happy to announce that the report of the death of C. R. G. Short ('23-'27) in Hawaii, in 1952, is erroneous. In a letter, dated January 9, 1954, Ridge writes that he is 'very much amongst the living'. His address is: 2917, J Street, Sacramento, Calif., U.S.A. He moved to California in July 1950 and is now employed by the State in the Division of Highways in a clerical capacity. His son, who was 22 last October, is an Air Cadet Lieutenant stationed, while training, at Lockland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. Recent Bulletins have been sent which, we hope, will answer the numerous questions he asks about the old School.

# B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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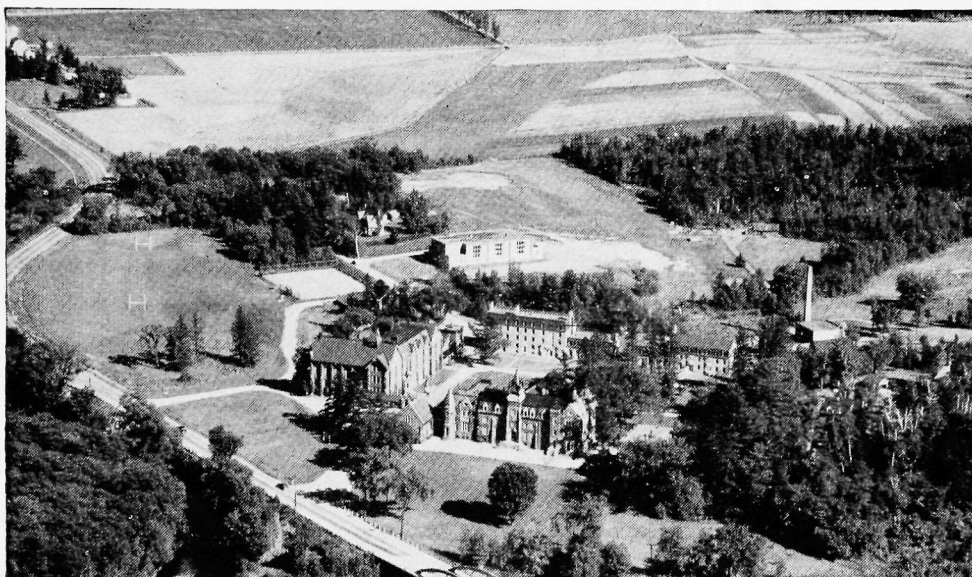
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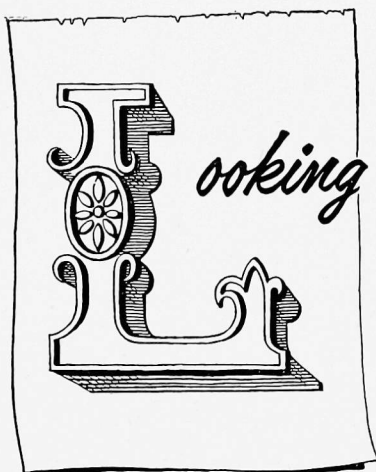
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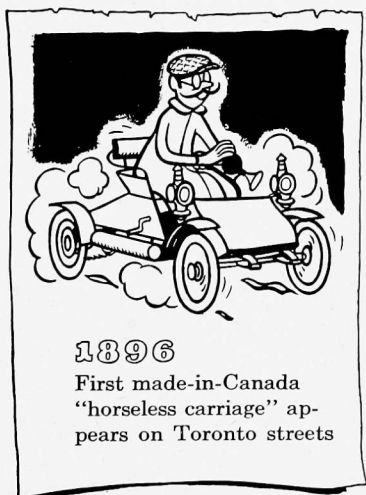
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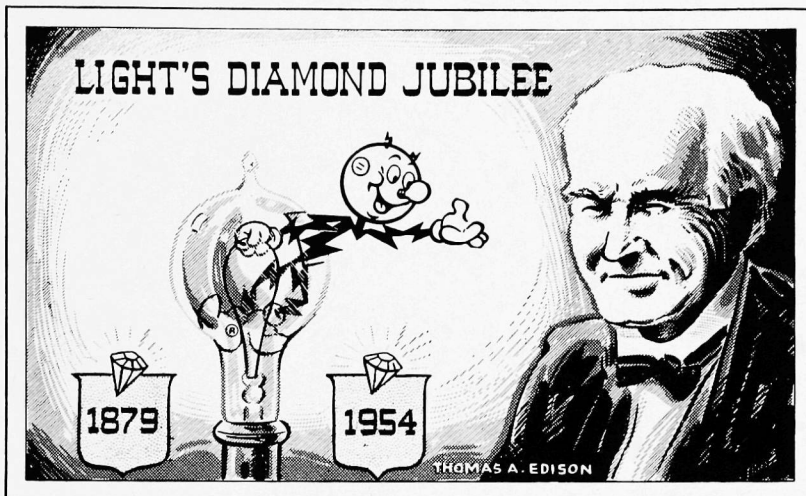
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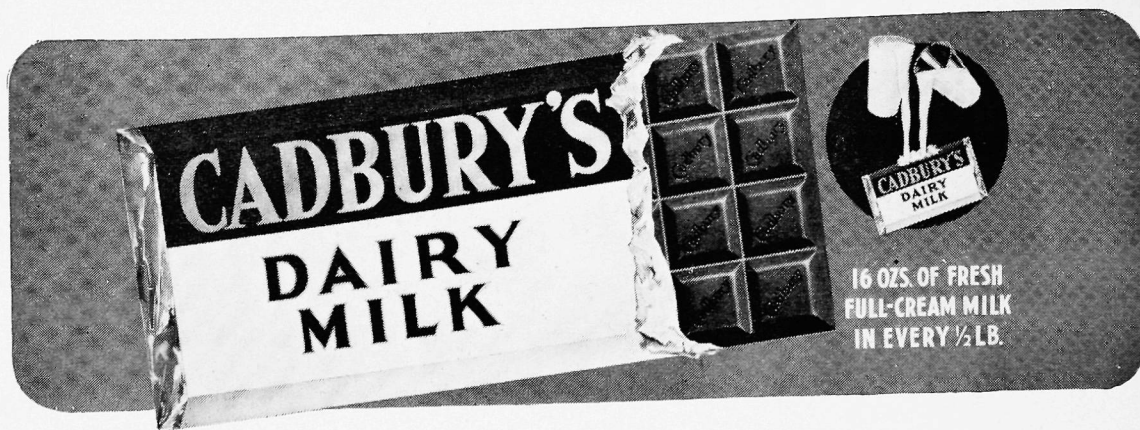
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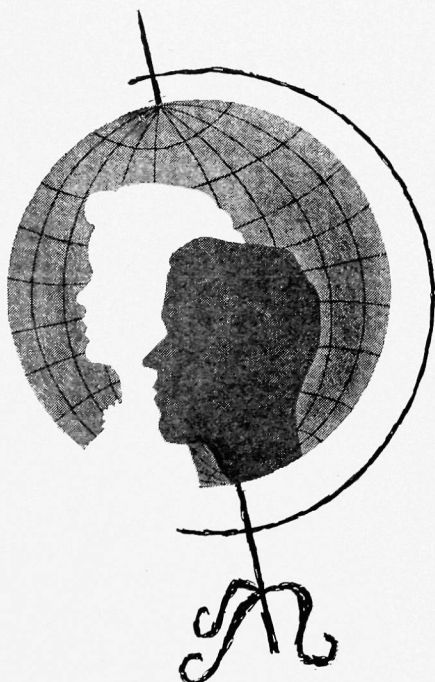
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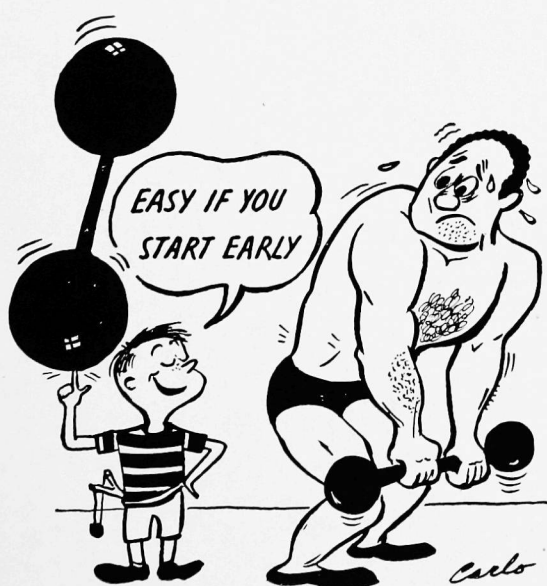
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